



THE COLONIAL ECHO®



1910

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PLAYERS' DELL.

The Colonial Echo

M C M X



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
THE COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY
WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

Greeting

"Whoever thinks a faultless Annual to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

IN the publication of this, our 1910 issue, we present with mingled uneasiness and pleasure the eighth volume of THE COLONIAL ECHO.

Since an Annual deals with the same subjects year after year, there is, of necessity a certain amount of plagiarism in ideas. We have made a few changes in this volume which we trust our readers will consider as improvements. We hope that we have pictured the old college and shown the life of the students in such wise that the 1910 COLONIAL ECHO will recall fond recollections to the alumni, be they old or new.

To those students and friends without whose timely and great aid THE COLONIAL ECHO could not have been even what it is, we proffer our sincere and hearty thanks.

And, now, we invite you to pass on to the book, hoping that you will smile at its faults and praise it where you can.





Dedication

To one whose love to his Alma Mater has never failed through
the long years that have added to him wisdom, to his
name distinction; to one of whom his mother may
be proud for his high idealism and fine achieve-
ments; to one towards whom the students
of Yesterday and To-day may unite in their pride and love for
the honor he has reflected upon the College of
William and Mary; to the

Right Reverend Alfred Magill Randolph

of the Class of 1854

this volume is dedicated



The Curse of Dido

[Æneid IV, 607-629]

Phœbus, who, shining afar, beholdest the deeds of all mortals,
Juno, who knowest full well that thou art the cause of my sorrows,
Fœcate, worshipped by shrieks by night at the cross-ways in cities,
Furies, avenging gods, and ye shades of dying Elissa,
List to my vows and turn a deserved regard to my sufferings,
Hear ye my prayer—if he must, cursed as he is, reach his harbor,
And if it is decreed that he shall sail to the mainland,
If thus Jove's fates demand, let there be an end of his fortune;
May he be harassed by warfare and arms of an undaunted people,
May he be exiled from home and torn from th' embrace of Tulus;
May he implore thy aid, and then see a dire fate on his nation,
Nor when he has agreed to the law of a disgraceful treaty
May he enjoy his reign in the peace he sought in his wanderings,
But may he die ere his time, and his corpse lay exposed on the sea sand;
This last grace I beseech, I pour out my life-blood in asking,
And you too, sons of Tyre, hold his race in the future in hatred,
Grant this prayer as a gift, a pleasing gift to my ashes,
May there never be love nor truces between the two peoples;
May there be born, O Mars, of our noble race an avenger
Who, with fire and sword, shall pursue the Dardanian exiles,
Now, in the future, whenever a favoring chance is afforded,
May shore be hostile to shore, our waves adverse to their waters,
And our arms, I pray, to their arms; may they strive with all our descendants

A. S. HOWE.



W. M. A. BLANTON
LITERARY EDITOR



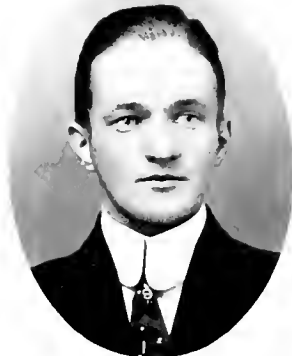
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R. T. NEWTON
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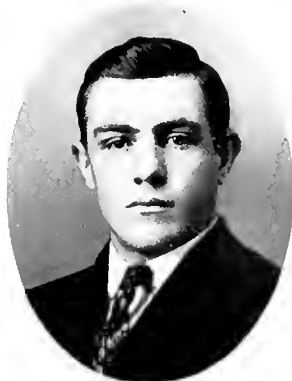
E. L. SNIPES
SOCIAL EDITOR



C. C. BELL
Y. M. C. A.



R. B. JACKSON
JOKES AND GRINDS



H. R. HAMILTON
JOKES AND GRINDS

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The Vision

I am happy, my love, to-night,
And the World seems happy too;
For the languid breath of the wind of the West,
The still, peace o'er the World at rest,
Weave dreams, my love, of you.

The World, with its hurry and noise,
With its sin and pain and death
And searing remorse, like hell's white flame;
The sneer of the strong; the deed of shame,
Have flown on the soft wind's breath.

The glint of glistening gold,
With pleasure and pomp and power,
Are hidden beneath the veil of night,
And slowly, softly, fade from sight,
In this, the dreaming hour.

The shadows have deepened now,
The voices of twilight are dumb,
But through the starlit dusk I see
Your beckoning hands outstretched to me,
And so, my love, I come.

F. C. H.

The Seasons at William and Mary

FALL

The vines upon her ancient walls
Are turning brown and crimson now;
New students throng her hallowed halls
With hopeful heart and feverish brow.

The birds among the campus trees
Are singing songs of Autumn time,
While falling golden-tinted leaves
Sadly speak of fading prime.

WINTER

The bare, rough walls stand scarred and strong
While fierce the blast of winter blows,
As they have stood these centuries long
Against the strength of many foes.

The lessened sun and shortened days
Urge onward every lagging one
Who treads the path of Wisdom's ways
And seeks for victory well won.

SPRING

The dull walls deck themselves in green—
The campus buttercups appear;
Spring's blooming heralds now are seen
Like smiles that chase away the tear.

The feathered choristers now sing
That gala days of June draw nigh;
The bell its last farewell will ring
As we hold back a tear at the last "good-bye."

H. P. FOX.



ROSCOE C. YOUNG



WILFRED E. ROACH



B. A. Class

Motto: "Avec du courage et du sang froid, on vient a bout de tout"

Colors: Green and Tan

Flower: Lily of the Valley

Yell: Rah! Rah! We are who?

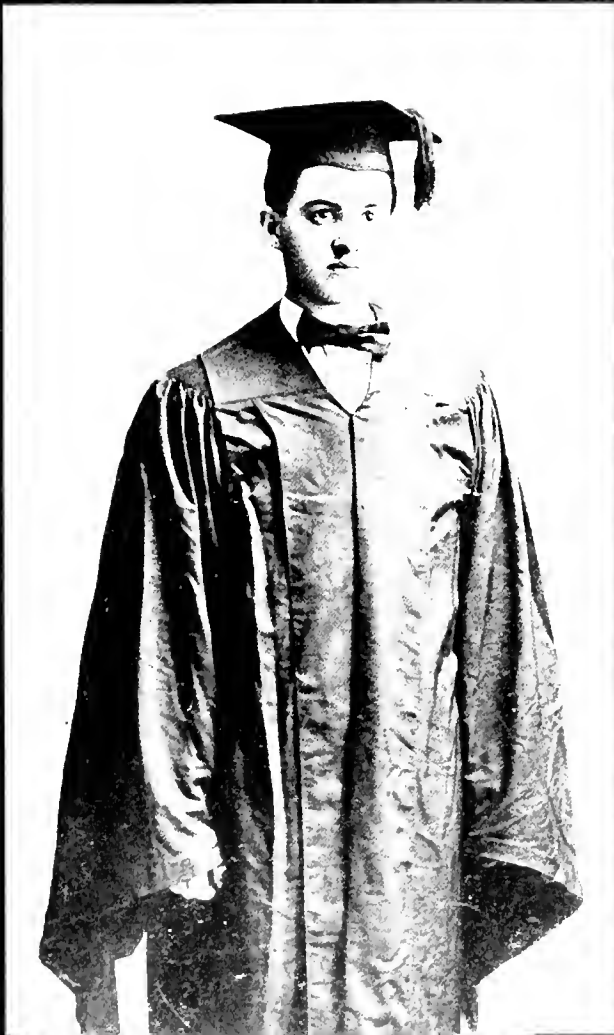
Senior Class of twenty-two!

A noble class of worthy men

Senior! Senior! 1910!

B. A. CLASS OFFICERS

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C. L. EBELL	VALEDICTORIAN
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H. E. TOMPKINS	ATTORNEY
J. M. HUNT, JR	ORATOR



FRANCIS HARVEY BEAR



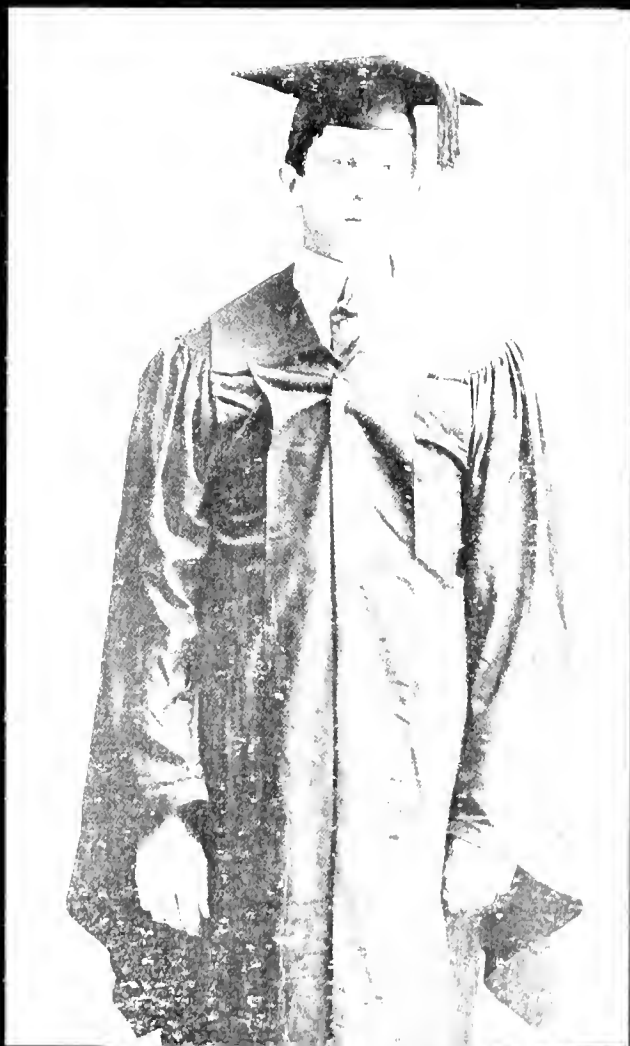
JOHN DANIEL BEALE



CECIL COOPER BELL



CHARLES THOMAS BLACKMORE



JACK MARYE DAVIS



DOUGLAS MERIWETHER DOLD



HENRY RAGLAND EUBANK



CHARLES L. EBELL



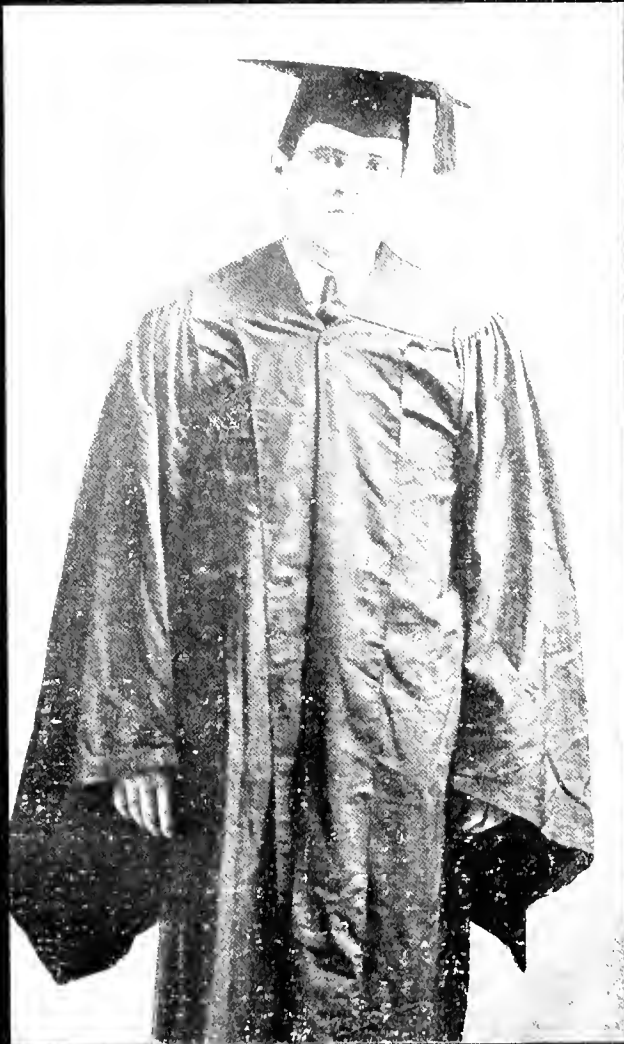
FRANK ERSKINE GRAVES



EDWARD LeBARON GOODWIN



CHANNING WESTBROOK HALL



EUGENE HEDGMAN HALL



JOSEPH EWART HEALY



JOSEPH METTAUER HURT, JR.



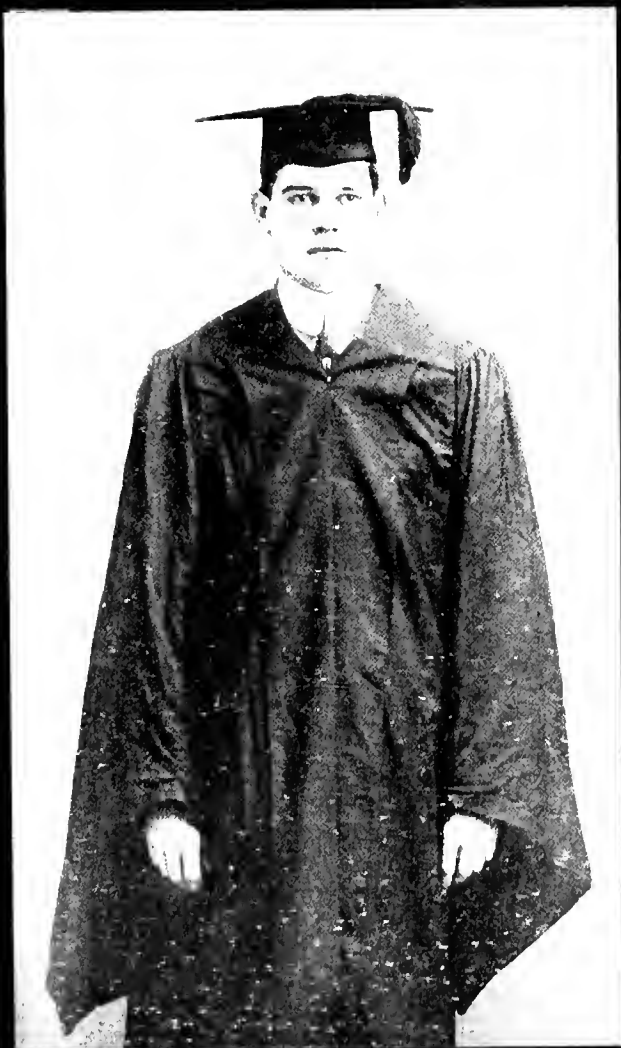
AMOS RALPH KOONTZ



BLAKE TYLER NEWTON



COLEMAN BERNARD RANSONE



ELISHA LUCAS SNIPES



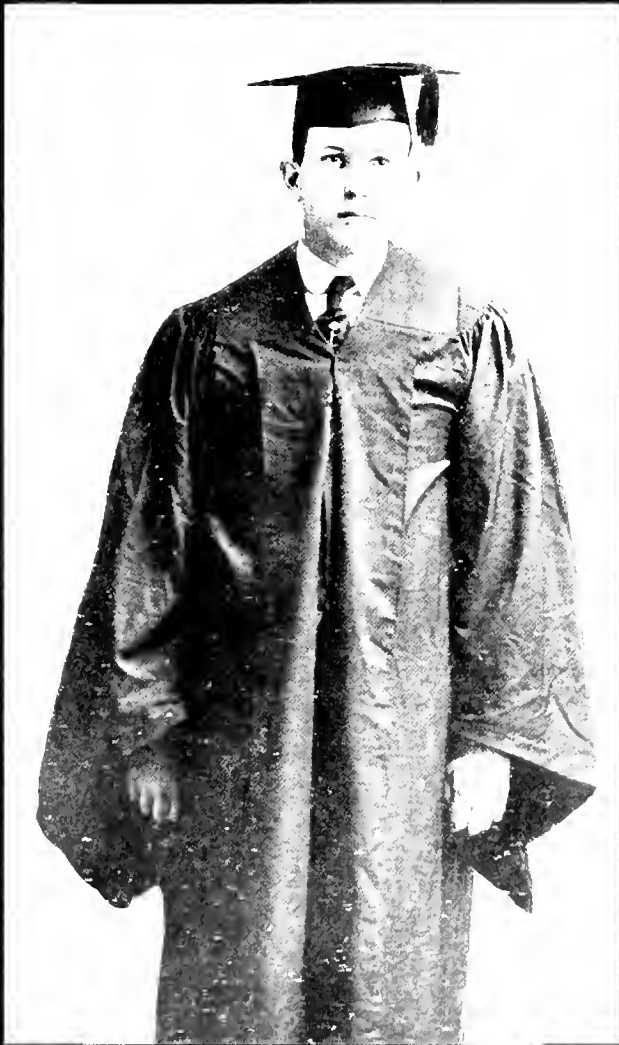
WILFRED EVERARD ROACH



MICAJAH OLIVER TOWNSEND



HENRY FITZHUGH TOMPKINS



ROSCOE CONKLING YOUNG

The Course of Genius

FRANCIS HARVEY BEAR, CHURCHMAN, VA.

Philomathean; Corresponding Secretary, 1908-09; Recording Secretary, 1909-10; President Presbyterian Brotherhood; Chaplain Senior Class.

JOHN DANIEL BEALE, WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

Philomathean; Corresponding Secretary, 1908; L. L. Degree; Orator in Open Meetings, 1908-09-10; Orator Intersociety Contest, 1910; Final Orator, 1910; Associate Editor *Magazine*, 1910.

CECIL COOPER BELL, OCEANA, VA.

Philomathean; Spottswood Club Secretary, 1908-09; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1906-07-08-09; President, 1909-10; Delegate to Student Volunteer Convention, Nashville, Tenn.; L. L. Degree, 1909; President Philomathean, 1909; Debater Intersociety Contest, 1908-09; Final Debater, 1908; President of Freshman Class, 1906-07; President Athletic Association, 1909-10; COLONIAL Echo Staff, 1909-10; Historian Senior Class.

CHARLES THOMAS BLACKMORE, HAMPTON, VA.

JACK MARVE DAVIS, BEVERLYDAM, VA.

K Σ ; Phoenix; Final Executive Committee of Phoenix, 1906-07; Literary Critic, 1909-10; Phoenix Final Orator, 1908-09; Vice President, 1907-08-09-10; Chief Marshal, 1909-10; President, 1908-09; Vice President of Sophomore Class, 1907-08; L. L. Degree, 1909; Social Editor of COLONIAL Echo, 1907-08; Proctor of Study Hall, 1908-09-10.

DOUGLAS MERIWETHER DOLD, NEW YORK, N. Y.

K Λ ; Phoenix; K. of Y. F; Spottswood Club; German Club, 1907-08-09-10; Secretary and Treasurer, 1908-09; President, 1909-10; Tennis Club, 1907-08-09-10; Art Editor of COLONIAL Echo, 1908-09-10; Northern Lights Club, Vice-President, 1909-10; Ex Cadet Club; Elizabethans, 1908-09-10; Elizabethan Council; Property Manager Elizabethans; Minstrel Club; Manager Minstrel Club; Fencing Club; N. N. O. Club; Track Team, 1907-08; Second Athletic Championship, 1908.

CHARLES L. EBELL, ELWOOD, N. J.

Philomathean; Improvement Medal in Oratory, 1906; Excellency Medal in Oratory, 1909; President of Philomathean, 1909-10; Vice President, 1906-07-08-09; Chairman Mission Study Committee, Y. M. C. A., 1905-06; Chairman Bible Study Committee, 1906-07-08-09-10; Delegate to Asheville Student Conference, 1905-06; Valedictorian, 1909-10; COLONIAL Echo Staff, 1909; *Magazine* Staff, 1909-10.

HENRY RAGLAND EUBANK, EINA MILES, VA.

Je viens de se mettre

FRANK ERSKINE GRAVES, MARKSVILLE, VA.

O Δ X: Philomathean; Corresponding Secretary, 1907-08; Improvement Medal in Declamation, 1906-07; Improvement Medal in Oratory, 1907-08; Spottswood Club; German Club; Elizabethans, 1908-09; Second Football Team, 1908-09; Varsity Football Team, 1909-10; Manager Baseball Team, 1909-10.

EDWARD LE BARON GOODWIN, VIRGINIA

K Σ: K. of A. P.; P: Spottswood Club; Phoenix; Poet for Phoenix, 1909-10; Editor-in-Chief *Magazine*, 1908-09; Art Editor *Colonial Echo*, 1909; Literary Editor *Colonial Echo*, 1910; President W. & M. and H. S. Debate, 1908; Final Executive Committee Phoenix, 1909; Manager Basket-Ball Team, 1909-10; President Tennis, 1908-09; President Trevillian Club, 1909-10; Tennis Team, 1908-09; Basket-Ball Team, 1909-10; Elizabethans; Instructor in Biology, 1906-07; Assistant in Biology, 1908-09-10; Fencing Club; Gym Team, 1906-07; Secretary Junior Class, 1908-09; Poet Senior Class, 1909-10.

CHANNING WESTBROOK HALL, GREAT BRIDGE, VA.

Philomathean; Improvement Medal in Declamation, 1905-06; Secretary, 1907-08; Executive Committee, 1907-08; Chief Marshal, 1907-08; Final Orator, 1909-10; Elizabethans, 1907-08-09; Secretary Junior Class; Vice-President Athletic Association, 1909-10; Treasurer and Comptroller Big Four; Club Editor *Colonial Echo*, 1909-10; Vice-President Senior Class; Master of Properties Minstrels.

EUGENE HEDGEMAN HALL, LYNHAMS, NORTHUMBERLAND Co., VA.

Phoenix; Diploma in American History and Politics, 1903; L. L. Degree, 1903; Football Team, 1901-02, 1902-03; Vice-President Phoenix, 1902-03, 1909-10; Vice-President Intermediate Class, 1902-03.

JOSEPH EWART HEALY, STREETS, VA.

O Δ X: Philomathean; Club Editor *Colonial Echo*, 1909-10; Second Football Team, 1908-09; Varsity Football Team, 1909-10; Medal, Gymnasium Contest, 1906-07; Gymnasium Monogram, 1908-09; Secretary Sophomore Class, 1908-09; Secretary Philomathean, 1908-09; Final Secretary, 1908-09; President Rappahannock-Potomac Club, 1909-10.

JOSEPH METTAUER HURT, JR.

K Α: Spottswood Club; Elizabethans; Phoenix Literary Society; Tennis Club; German Club; Southside Club; Lucky Club; Captain Ex-Cadet Club; Assistant Manager Football Team, 1908-09; Manager Football Team, 1909-10; Medal for Excellency in Debate, Phoenix Literary Society, 1908-09; Chancellor Scholarship, 1908-09-10; Exchange Editor *Magazine*, 1909-10; Assistant Manager *Colonial Echo*, 1909-10; Vice-President Lucky Club, 1909-10; Senior Class Orator, 1909-10; Athletic Council, 1908-09.

AMOS RALPH KOONTZ, MARKSVILLE, VA.

O. Δ. K.; Philomathean; Spottswood Club; German Club; Treasurer Sophomore Class, 1907-08; Treasurer Junior Class, 1908-09; Secretary Senior Class, 1909-10; Chairman Delegation Committee Y. M. C. A., 1907; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., 1908; Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; Chairman Mission Committee Y. M. C. A., 1910; Treasurer Philomathean Society, 1908-09; Parliamentary Critic Philomathean, 1909-10; Chairman Philomathean Final Executive Committee, 1909; Manager Baseball Team, 1908-09; Delegate to I. S. V. Movement, 1909-10.

BLAKE TYLER NEWTON, HAGUE, WESTMORELAND CO., VA.

H. K. A.; K. of Y. E.; Elizabethans, 1906-07; Phoenix; German Club, 1906-07-08-09-10; Stage Manager of Elizabethans, 1908-09; Historian Sophomore Class, 1908-09; Assistant Manager of Football Team, 1907-08; Manager Football Team, 1908-09; Vice-President Phoenix, 1909; Manager and Editor of *College Topics*, 1909-10; Athletic Editor of *Magazine*, 1909-10; Athletic Council, 1908-09; Athletic Editor of *Colonial Echo*, 1909-10; Secretary of German Club, 1909-10; Phoenix Final Marshal, 1908-09; Night Librarian, 1909-10; Vice-President Lucky Club, 1907-08; President of Lucky Club, 1908-09.

COLEMAN BERNARD RANSONE, PORT HAYWOOD, MATTHEWS CO., VA.

Philomathean; L. I. Degree, 1906; Diplomas in Natural Science, Education, Philosophy, and American History and Politics; Vice-President Philomathean, 1905-06; Final Secretary Philomathean, 1905-06; Dramatic Club, 1905-06; Gym Team, 1903-04, 1904-05; Relay Team, 1906-07; Vice-President Junior Class, 1905-06; Business Manager Dramatic Club, 1906-07; Chairman Executive Committee of Philomathean, 1906-07; Art Editor of *Colonial Echo*, 1906-07; President Athletic Association, 1906-07; Football Team, 1909-10; Vice-President Philomathean, 1909-10; Instructor Practice School, 1909-10; President Philomathean, 1910.

ELISHA LUCAS SNIPES, ZION, VA.

Philomathean; Improvement Medal in Debate, 1908-09; Executive Committee, 1908-09, 1909-10; Literary Critic, 1909-10; Intersociety Debater, 1910; Final Debater, 1909-10; Delegate to I. S. V. Movement, 1909-10; Graves Scholarship, 1908-09; President Peanut Club, 1908-09; Vice-President and Superintendent Big Four; Business Manager Minstrels, 1909-10; *Magazine* Staff, 1909-10; Treasurer Sophomore Class; Social Editor *Colonial Echo*, 1909-10; Treasurer Senior Class.

WILFRED EVERARD ROACHE, GLEN ECHO, MD.

A. X. P.; Philomathean; President, 1909-10; Vice-President, 1907-08; Literary Critic, 1909-10; Executive Committee, 1906-07, 1907-08, 1908-09; Chaplain, 1906-07, 1907-08, 1908-09, 1909-10; Final Debater, 1906-07; Final Orator, 1907-08; Chairman Final Executive Committee, 1909-10; Chairman Constitutional Revision Committee, 1909-10; Junior Class Historian, 1907-08; Chairman Intercollegiate Debate Constitutional Committee, 1909-10; Debater Joint Contest, 1906-07; Poet Joint Contest, 1909-10; Valedictorian of Senior Class, 1908-09; *Colonial Echo* Staff; Y. M. C. A. Editor, 1907-08; Literary Editor, 1908-09; Editor in Chief, 1909-10; Exchange Editor of *Literary Magazine*, 1908-09; Elizabethans, 1908-09; Basket Ball Team, 1907-08; Sub-Instructor in English, 1907-08; Proctor Study Hall, 1907-08, 1908-09; Assistant Librarian, 1908-09; President Ministerial Club, 1909-10; Leader and Interceptor Minstrels, 1909-10; Y. M. C. A., 1906-07, 1907-08, 1908-09, 1909-10.

MICHAEL OLIVER TOWNSEND, KEYSVILLE, VA.

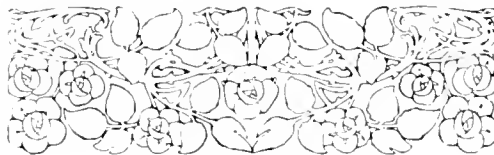
Philomathean; Prophet of Senior Class; Diploma in Education; L. L. Degree, 1907; Final Executive Committee, 1906-07.

HENRY FITZHUGH TOMPKINS, GRINLEYS, VA.

Phoenix; Improvement Medal in Declamation, 1906-07; Vice-President, 1906-07; Executive Committee, 1906-07, 1908-09; Literary Critic, 1908-09; Parliamentary Critic, 1908-09, 1909-10; Intersociety Constitutional Committee, 1908-09; Chairman of the Final Executive Committee, 1907-08; Treasurer of Phoenix, 1907-08; Y. M. C. A.; Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association, 1908-09, 1909-10; Athletic Council, 1908-09, 1909-10; Brafferton Indians, 1905-06-07-08; Rappahannock Club, 1909-10; President and General Manager of Big Four, 1909-10; Assistant Business Manager of *Magazine*, 1908-09; Business Manager, 1909-10; Associate Manager *Colonial Echo*, 1908-09; Business Manager *Colonial Echo*, 1909-10; Historian Junior Class, 1908-09; Attorney of Senior Class.

ROSCOE CONKLING YOUNG, PENNINGTON GAP, VA.

$\Theta \Delta \chi$; Philomathean; Spottswood Club; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1907-08, 1908-09, 1909-10; Medal Excellency Debate Philomathean, 1907-08; Final President Philomathean, 1909-10; Treasurer and Literary Critic Philomathean, 1907-08; Manager *Literary Magazine*, 1908-09; Editor-in-Chief, 1909-10; President Athletic Association, 1908-09; President Sophomore Class, 1907-08; Vice-President Junior Class, 1908-09; President Class, 1909-10; Soultter Scholarship, 1908-09; Attorney of Senior Class, 1909-10.



B. A. Class History

FOR centuries, historians have told the world of the "Seven Wise Men." Their task was great, but the present historian realizes that it sinks into insignificance with the gigantic one which he now has before him. They wrote of seven wise men, but in the Class of 1910 there are more than three times seven—all as great as the most learned of their predecessors. One of these seven sages said, "Know thyself," and as the historian is aware of the fact that to know the class of which he is a member would involve the most complex scientific works of the twentieth century, he will record a few of their achievements, which the average reader of history will readily appreciate as being worthy of eternal praise.

The history of the class really begins with the session of 1905-06. Though nearly one hundred began then, there are now of that distinguished class only a few who remain within the portals of our dear old College. As the leaves fall from the trees, so have most of our early classmates fallen from the roll of the class that will pass over the honor line in 1910. Too lengthy would it be to enumerate the reasons why most of them have fallen, and, in sorrow, we must mention that the dark-robed angel of death has plucked from us some of our dearest classmates.

However, the Class of 1910 is not composed simply of the "dies" of 1905-06. We find that we have members who entered college in the days when most of us were in the kindergarten. Our friends, "Booze" Ransone, "Kajo" Townsend, "Oyster" Hall, and "Pres" Enbank, are some of the fossils whose history could not be arrived at by any known method of investigation, for we find no record of the age in which they were first seen traveling the highway that they have now so nearly traversed. We are proud to claim these patriarchs. Is it not an honor to any class to claim such historical relics as these, especially to a class that has been fed upon history from the dawn of its existence? Do not think that this class is composed entirely of men that have been here from time immemorial. Our ranks have been increased by many who have entered since 1905; our honorable president is a member of the new school. As our class is composed of patriarchs, of men of the middle period, and of many of a more recent date, we can say that it is a class which possesses knowledge of diverse character. As great as we are now, we must, though, confess that we have seen the day when we were eternally scared, grossly ignorant, and fit subjects for a cabbage patch.

When we first entered college, we thought that, beyond all doubt, we were the most important factors that could be found on the campus. We soon made friends with the Sophomores, but for their convenience only. As the long life of this immortal body of men is reviewed, even with the assistance of the memory of "Oyster" Hall, it is absolutely impossible to find a period of more pleasure than in those "Due-hood" days. One of our members, while a green "due," had the honorable title of president thrust upon him. To-day, he is known as "Pres" Eulank.

In those days, we learned many things—to loaf, to sport "realico," to be athletes, and even to study, but the greatest of all things was that we didn't know it all.

When the Sophomore year began, we thought that it was the greatest thing in college life to be in a position to make a poor "due" hike, to say "hello" to a former Soph, and to tip our hats to no Senior. However, as the months of that year rolled by and as we passed forever from the lower stages of college life, we began to know ourselves fully, and then to say, "Vanity, forever farewell."

In our Junior year, we created the greatest sensation in the history of the class. As the nature of the class is creative, we realized that we must do something new, so we wore "Green hats." "Many comments have been passed upon these emblems of the Class of 1910. Even the dignified Seniors have bowed their heads in humility and have cast aside their Senior caps, which they once felt proud to wear."

We have a record that will stand, though it may be assaulted by future classes. Do not understand the historian as boasting when he says that the Class of 1910 is worthy of a noble heritage. All of our present men have been leaders in college life. In the classroom every man has been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. The historian will take it upon himself to say that the best student in college is to be found in our number.

In the Y. M. C. A., many of our members have been leaders in building up this grand and noble organization. When three delegates were chosen to represent this College at the great Student Volunteer Convention for Foreign Missions, held in Rochester, N. Y., they were taken from the Senior Class because of their special ability and attainments. These delegates, Messrs. E. L. Snipes, R. C. Young and A. R. Koontz, are most excellent workers in the Y. M. C. A. and other college activities.

The president of the Athletic Association has the honor of being your present historian; our presiding officer is an ex-president of the Association; Mr. E. LeB. Goodwin is the manager of the Basket-Ball Team; we are honored

by having Mr. F. E. Graves, a member of our class, as Baseball manager, and we have as "stars" on the athletic field Ransome, Graves, and Healey.

In the Literary Societies, some of the best members are Seniors. Beale and C. W. Hall with their eloquence; J. M. Hurt with his logic; R. C. Young with his journal work, and J. M. Davis with his political foresight and shrewdness—these are men who some day will be equal to Webster, Calhoun, Poe, and Joe Cannon.

The assistant in Biology, Mr. E. LeB. Goodwin, and the "snakeologist," Mr. D. M. Dold, both fly the colors of '10.

And oh! how proud we are to claim that our class is especially popular with the ladies in every section of the State, yes, even with the "college widows" of Williamsburg. "Calico" is so pleasing to "Parson" Roach, and he is so pleasing to "calico," that to-day, he is the most popular professor who has a chair in the W. F. I.

All of us have had a great privilege—we have been classmates with athletes, with scholars, with orators and with "calico" specialists. To-day, they are our dear companions. The bell peals forth; we pass with them into the lecture halls; we mingle with them on the campus—every day making more indelible our friendship. Without these friends, our college life would have been a failure. We love them, so let us, during the few more days of companionship, be drawn closer together, for the time of this joyous fraternal life is fleeting. To-morrow the bell will toll—we shall see them only in the halls of our memory. Some, we fear, will never press our hand again. The cord of union has been strong and the bond of friendship sweet, but the breaking of the cord is a breaking of a heart-string of love, but the bond of friendship will remain constant. As we enter the battlefield of life, let these joyous days never fade; let them rise as the morning sun, for though in years to come, while at the zenith of our glory, we shall realize that they have made and will always make brilliant the path of life. Therefore, as we say farewell, let it be said with a determination that the Class of 1910 will play its part upon the stage of life. Above all let us ever be true to old William and Mary. Our Alma Mater has indeed been a mother to us, so let us, I beseech you, in these parting days one by one take our places before her portals and say, "Thou hast been a mother to me, to thee I will ever be a true and loving son."

HISTORIAN.



Senior Class Prophecy

"We force our roses before the season,
To bloom and blossom for us to wear."

MY watch pointed to 11:45. Ever since an early hour that night, I had been laboring over my German Reader, trying to read some of the stories of the Norse gods. I had finished my allotted task, and felt as though my troubles were ended, when I remembered that my classmates had seen fit to bestow upon me the duty of revealing their future. At this thought my heart sank, for well I knew that I was no prophet nor the son of one. "How could I ever rob the future of the secrets of that golden store, which, I felt sure, she held in trust for this illustrious class?" My mind ran back over the sources of inspiration that had served my predecessors so well. I thought of how one had drunk of a glass of mysterious wine, and had seen all things to come; but I feared to risk such violent means. Then I remembered that one had seen visions in the smoke of his pipe, but I knew that my tobacco was out, and this course hopeless.

In my dilemma I rested my head on my study table and tried to think. In a few minutes I was surprised to see a strange figure enter my room. At first I was frightened, but soon recognized him as Heimdall, about whom I had just ceased reading. My mind ran over the story as told in my reader. I recalled that he was the wisest of the gods, had his home on the rainbow, and that his perception was so acute that he could hear grass grow and could see for hundreds of miles by day or night. "But why has he come to earth to seek me?" As if he understood my thoughts, he said, "Your diligence in seeking to learn of the gods of Asgard is pleasing to me. I have come to reward you. Ask what you will." His fair words filled me with joy, but I could not decide what I most desired. First one and then another of the many student necessities flashed across my brain. Each had its fascinations but none seemed sufficient; then, as ever, the writing of a prophecy stood before me. Reluctantly waving aside the idea of an increase in next month's allowance, I said, "Tell me, I pray, what glories are in store for the Class of 1910." Heimdall frowned a little and said, "It is ever the desire of mortals to live ahead of their time, but follow me."

When we reached the door, there stood his chariot at the foot of a rainbow. I did not have time to search for the bag of gold that proverbially exists there, for immediately we were in the chariot and on our way upward. Reaching the

top, we halted. Far below I saw a mere speck, which, I was told, was the earth. I could see no reason for his bringing me to this altitude in order to reveal to me the deeds of those of the earth. But I did not wonder long before the speck began to enlarge. Larger and larger it grew until the smallest objects on it became visible, the voices of the inhabitants were plainly heard. Heimdal had given me him wonderful powers. At once, I began to search for those who were waiting to hear their fate.

The first place that interested me was a large university. The campus thronged with students, but I thought it hopeless to seek further there for any of the mighty twenty-two whom I sought. But who is that man now crossing the campus? Why, it is E. LeB. Goodwin. I watched him until he entered a large building which bore the title "Department of Biology." Then I knew that his knowledge of this science had been recognized. Presently, I saw a crowd of students hastening to this building. Each carried a book with Dold's name on the back; but I had no means at that time of learning more of his achievements.

Next I sought the capital of my native state. A large crowd was gathering in "Capitol Square." I listened to a hubbub of voices and found that it was the occasion of the inauguration of a governor.

I waited to witness the ceremony and found, to my pleasure, that R. C. Young was the next incumbent, and to add to the glory of the class as well as to the state, E. L. Snipes entered on his duties as superintendent of public instruction. "A good beginning," I thought, "what next?"

This time my attention centered on a large white building in a beautiful city. Some of them should be here, I knew, so I concluded to peep through the windows. There sat two men at a table studying some drawings. One was H. H. Fletcher and the other E. H. Hall. From their conversation, I soon found that H. H. bore the burdens of the presidency, and that "Oyster" Hall was Secretary of War. I could not refrain from glancing at the drawings. I found them to be those of an airship, and, at the bottom of the paper, was written, "Respectfully submitted to the War Department for approval. C. T. Blackmore." Leaving them to solve the problems of state, I sought further.

Suddenly I saw a horse and rider slowly wending their way along a mountain path. The horse showed all signs of a diet of mountain herbs, and the rider the signs of another mountain product. At first I was in doubt as to the identity of this wayfarer, but finally recognized the features of "Jack" Davis. Judging from the medicine case he carried, I concluded that "Jack" had at last succeeded in being allowed to spread physics and destruction among his fellow-men.

Leaving him to seek his next victim, I turned my eyes westward. Near a large city on the Pacific, I saw a line of battleships near the shore. At the mast-head of each I saw a white flag with a blood-red center. It did not take me long to realize the situation. While I was wondering what the outcome would be, I saw a machine rise from the ground and circle over the fleet. One after another of the ships rose from the water and exploded. My heart went out to the daring aviator, and still more was I pleased when I saw that he was one of the class of 1910—J. E. Healy. I listened to learn more of this victory, but the cheering rang so loud that it was impossible, until I heard Blake Newton, the war reporter of the "Associated Press," send this message to his paper: "Japanese fleet destroyed; Blackmore's airship a success; Bear's torpedoes are wonders." There followed a long list of details which I did not remain to hear. It was enough for me to know that there was one of the class at every post that needed him, so I turned my attention to foreign lands.

The next scene was more peaceful. Situated in a Chinese city, I saw a small church in which services were being held. I glanced in and there saw C. L. Ebell spreading the "tidings of great joy" in that heathen city. Near the church was another structure of the same architecture. While I was wondering what purpose it served, I saw a crowd of children rush from the door. Soon C. C. Bell followed. He and Ebell were fellow-workers in this distant land.

Leaving them to their labors, I turned my eyes to sunny Greece. Soon I noticed a bent figure, diligently excavating what seemed to be an ancient tomb. At once I recognized H. R. Eubank. "Pres" was still "digging" out historical information. I would fain have hesitated long enough to see the results of his efforts, but had to continue my search.

This time I decided to take a glance at Africa, thinking that I might find one of my quest in those parts. And I was not disappointed, for down in a jungle, I found D. M. Dold, who, as usual, had his pockets full of snakes and other such reptiles. This sight convinced me that Dold's intimacy with these creatures was prompted by an inborn love peculiar to the naturalist. And I was then able to understand why such a university as the one mentioned above preferred to accept his works as authority on animal histology and kindred sciences.

I then left Dold to search for other specimens, and directed my attention to more civilized countries. Soon I saw the stars and stripes floating over a building in the city of London. The welcome sight caused me to hesitate. Presently, I saw a man pass from the house to a waiting automobile. One

glance told me it was J. M. Hurt, Jr., but I could not account for his presence in London, until Heimdal told me that he was the United States Minister to Great Britain. Leaving him to enjoy the society of princes and potentates, I sought again my native land.

Just off the coast of Massachusetts, I saw a line of yachts which seemed preparing for a race. Curiosity forced me to await the outcome. Presently, the race was on. For awhile, all sailed in a straight line, then the line became more and more zig-zag. Several boats pushed ahead of the rest; the race became exciting. One boat struck my fancy as being of a more unique and graceful design than the rest. This boat soon showed her superiority and left the others to strive for the second place. I was anxious to know who owned the successful yacht. Seeking for some clue, I looked at her name, and immediately my thoughts returned to my classmate, C. B. Ransome. I knew he was "daffy" on boat-building, and none the less so on the girl whose name the boat bore. I was not surprised when Heimdal told me that C. B. was a millionaire eye and ear specialist and boat owner, whose hobby was fast yachts, but I could hardly realize that he had at last narrowed down his affections to the point that he could be content with a boat bearing the name of only one of the many possessors of his affections. Heimdal, who doubtless read my mind, said, "He is married now." "Married?" I cried. "Tell me how that happened."

He, taking a few liberties with the poet, answered me thus:

"She taught him first to love aright
The sweetheart of his college days."

While pondering over these words, my eyes fell on a large city. I knew, at once, that it was New York. "Some of them are surely here," I thought, so I began a systematic search.

Passing my eyes along a street, I saw the words, "Associated Press." I remembered this firm in connection with Blake Newton, and began to search for him. Instead of finding Blake, I found H. P. Tompkins seated in an office and surrounded by busy stenographers. At first, I was in doubt as to what position he held, but soon learned from Heimdal that he was managing editor.

My attention was next attracted by the sign, "Collection Agency." While I was considering whether there was one in my class who would star in this line of business, I saw F. E. Graves enter the building. I recalled some interviews that he and I had had on such matters, and felt confident that he had found his calling.

Washington was my next field of search. This time, I was again amply repaid for my labors. It was the time for Congress to convene, and Congressmen were hurrying toward the Capitol. One of the first that entered the Capitol was Channing Hall. I was overjoyed to see him occupying such an honorable position, and began to scrutinize the faces that passed, trying to find another of the mighty twenty-three. Presently I saw a man approaching the entrance whose appearance there surprised me. What business "Parson" Roach had in the Capitol was more than I could imagine. Seeing my hopeless condition, Heimdal informed me that he was chaplain of the Senate. Then I recalled how prone the "Parson" was to mix in politics, and decided that he was well situated.

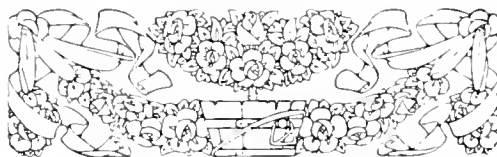
Leaving "Parson" to plead with lawmakers to be true to their trust, and not so mindful of other trusts, I sought for the remaining members of my class.

After searching for some time, I chanced to look into the ward of a large hospital. There, among the halt and maim, I found John Beale relieving the suffering and cheering the despondent. I was glad to find that he had succeeded in his chosen profession.

I turned now from the crowded cities to the open country. There was but one left for whom to search, and I felt that, at least, one of our members should till the soil. Finally, I noticed a beautiful farm in Northern Virginia which seemed to be cared for in the most scientific manner. The pastures thronged with fine cattle and horses, and the hay and wheat fields were laden with an abundant harvest. I saw all of the conveniences that tend to make farm life attractive. As I was taking an inventory of all these blessings, I saw A. R. Koontz riding across his broad, fertile acres. His face beamed with pleasure, as he glanced from one field to the other, and I wondered if he was not the most fortunate of all whom I had seen at their labors. While I was enjoying with him his prospective harvest, I realized that my supernatural gift was being lost. Heimdal, who had been seated by my side, arose, saying, "My promise is fulfilled."

"Wait," I cried, "have I nothing to hope for?" "If it is your desire to see your station in life, look quickly," he said, and following his directions, I saw a small farm, but one that was familiar. At first sight, my heart leaped with joy, but when I saw the long rows of tobacco, which seemed to need cultivating, my spirits fell. The sun seemed to be taking vengeance on this particular farm, and the heat seemed unbearable. I sought my old retreats that had so often protected me under similar circumstances, but they were all gone. The big oak, and the cool grove around the spring were no longer present to add to the pleasure of the refreshing drink. I felt that tired feeling coming over me which had

so often been the cause of my labors left undone, and of reproaches innumerable. "Are you ready to descend?" asked Heimdall. "Yes," I sighed half unwillingly. "Then you may depart," he replied, and, before I had time to collect my thoughts, I felt that I was slipping off the rainbow. Down, down I went until I struck the earth. This unpleasant experience awoke me. I found myself lying on the floor beside my overturned chair. At first I could not realize what had happened, but was soon brought to my senses by the voice of my roommate yelling, "Be careful, or you will fall." I felt that his advice had come too late to be appreciated, so I made no reply, but rubbed the bump on my head, and sought a more comfortable resting place.



Senior Class Doggerel

In sixteen hundred and ninety-three
A ponderous document crossed the sea
Addressed to President Tyler's son,
And then our dear old college begun,
So ever since then when vernal Spring
Has marked the time for frogs to sing,
And when the willow puts forth its green
And embryo lovers in the moonlight are seen,
Since then, and in the Spring, I repeat,
The Senior Class performs a feat.
A newly-made poet it vaults to the sky
And whispers, "You rascal, now write, or you die."
So ever since that memorable year
A new poet has risen in trembling and fear,
To announce to the world with gusto and grace
That the men of his class are the best of the race,
Some classes are like the acorn so small
That start so short and grow so tall,
And other a very small brook may be,
To broaden and widen to infinite sea;
And there be others, with quivering voice,
Who woo the muse, and musing rejoice
To see with vision prophetic and clear
Their classmates standing, far and near,
The models of all that is best in the land—
Youthful patriots, a wonderful band,
But never did poet, in all his time,
Ever attempt to put into rhyme
The praises of such a set of men
As the Senior Class of Nineteen-Ten,
Now listen while I call the roll,
So sympathy may fill your soul,
Blackmore black becomes our view
A chemist I now present to you:
With FeS and HCl
He makes a gas that smells like—well,
I'd better pass to sweeter themes,
And to the face of our baby beams,
By Joe, it hurts to think that he
At last has come to life's rough sea.
R. C. how Young the flight of life
And cost of steak and care of wife—
But soft! I'm nothing but a poet,
Yet turn to philosophy ere I know it,
Next C. Hall and Healy and Bear,
And Koontz as he curls his short grey hair.

Then here's the youth of rhetorical power
 Who's tall and thin like a high Bell tower,
 We have no Billikeus here to-day,
 But Tompkins is here, if you want to pay
 For Annual or Mag or baseball pledge
 Or Canals on Mars or a moonbeam hedge,
 Here's Fletcher, who dreams about *contombs*
 And measures specific heat of domes
 Which rise from currents *in caena*
 And W equals *f*s so and so,
 Now see Jack Davis, our calico sport;
 He has a fair lady in 'most every port.
 Enbank on this, that D. M. Dold
 Would rather have snakes than girls or gold.
 Here's a youth, Adonis Ransone,
 Who Oyster Hall declares so handsome,
 But then there's Cajo Townsend, my friends,
 Who in this beauty show contends,
 Graves and Snipes are alike in this
 That neither has ever been robbed of a kiss,
 And when I mention the name of Beale
 The roll is just about ended I feel,
 Unless old Parson Roach's name
 Should by this means win endless fame,
 Now isn't this an awful string
 For a muse's sacrifice to bring?
 I think that when she smelt the smoke
She took it all as one big joke,
 But somehow I feel when Gabriel's horn
 Shall summon all us mortals forlorn,
 And this, the Class of Nineteen-Ten,
 Shall stand with others in the bad goat's pen
 To hear our judgment of endless woe,
 The recording angel will stop the flow
 Of his fountain pen, and with a sigh
 Wipe a pearly tear from his eye,
 And say, "You're getting what's coming to you,
 So I must give the devil his due,
 But, Senior Class of Nineteen-Ten,
 I must say this, you're a class of men."



Colors: Black and Maroon

Motto: Laboremus, O Juniores, Seniores cum fuerimus venit otium
cum triumpho

Yell: Freshmen, Freshmen, come in seven,
Seniors, Seniors, come in eleven.

OFFICERS

L. A. PEATROSS.....	PRESIDENT
W. B. LEE, JR.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
J. G. DRIVER.....	SECRETARY
J. E. CAPPS.....	TREASURER
A. L. THOMS.....	HISTORIAN
G. P. ARNOLD.....	POET

MEMBERS

K. A. AGEE
G. P. ARNOLD
W. T. BROWN
J. E. CAPPS
J. G. DRIVER

F. D. GOODWIN
A. T. HOWE
W. B. LEE, JR.
L. A. PEATROSS
A. L. THOMS

H. E. TRIMBLE



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior History

IT does not seem to me to be difficult to begin the history of the Junior Class, but to cease writing. Things so important and so many in number have been done by its members that neither by boasting could I exalt their deeds, nor, if I were willing, should I be able to tell the whole truth; but it is necessary either for the reader to grow weary or for time to fail.

First of all the Juniors point with pride to the seclusion of their class. Only eleven men have been admitted to its folds, but among the eleven are enrolled poets, priests, prophets, and philosophers, and each of us shows his genius in his own humble way, from Howe who writes poetry (at least he calls it poetry) after Virgil, down to Trimble, who shows his financial ability by the masterly way in which he corners calves.

The light-minded are inclined to laugh when they see the '11 on our hats. They talk of some mystic combinations of the numbers 7-11, and ask tenderly after the health of our "Little Joe" and talk of "box cars." These inquiries we treat with silent contempt and show our seriousness by pointing out the remarkable fact that the Senior Greek Class is composed entirely of Juniors, and the still more remarkable fact that, of the eleven men in the Junior Class, two of them are now singing that once popular song, "I'm Married Now."

That the Juniors are leaders among men, can be easily shown by the fact that among their members are the captain and captain-elect of the Football Team, the captain and ex-captain of the Basket-Ball Team. Truly a class of captains. In general athletics, the Class of '11 boasts of four monogram football men; two of whom made the All Eastern Virginia Eleven, two of the Basket-Ball Team, and two of the Baseball Team. Surely, athletics without the Junior Class would be "Bish" Lee without his "chuckle."

It is very evident that in things physical the Class of Naughty Eleven counts for a great deal. Yea, though the historian is not the seventh son of a seventh son; neither a prophet nor a seer, we can say that during the coming session athletics must be very dependent upon this class.

The literary societies claim the devotion of many of our members, and we hope that the debating teams of the College will be composed of many '11 men.

I might go on, fill many volumes and indite ponderous tomes with "the deeds of the mighty and valiant sons of Naughty Eleven." It might be permitted me to relate the story of how the furious battles of Julius Caesar and the heavy conflicts of Livy had been refought; how this doughty band of men had laid

desperate siege to the Science Hall, and even charged the dizzy heights of Mathematics; but the editor stands over me and says, "It is enough." And so, I leave to your imagination, gentle reader, the remainder of our glorious past and the whole of our brilliant future. Look out but one year in the future, and you will see eleven stalwart men, who have come victorious through the battles of college life, and, armed with an A. B. degree, are now going forth conquering and to conquer.

HISTORIAN.







SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class

MOTTO: Esse quam videri

COLORS: Blue and Gray

YELL: Razzle-dazzle! Never frazzle!

Not a thread but wool!

All together! All together!

That's the way we pull!

Sophomores!

OFFICERS

WALTER L. HOPKINS
CHARLES H. HART, JR.
STEPHEN CORBIN
ELMER R. STUMP
C. CHAPMAN SNOW

PRESIDENT
VICE PRESIDENT
SECRETARY
HISTORIAN
TREASURER

MEMBERS

F. MARSHALL BRISTOW
STEPHEN CORBIN
WILLIAM N. DEERHOL
MALCOLM P. DILLARD
THOMAS H. GEDDY, JR.
JOSEPH B. GALE
WALTER L. HOPKINS
CHARLES H. HART, JR.
WILLIAM H. NEBLETT
RICHARD PARKER
C. CHAPMAN SNOW
ELMER R. STUMP
EARL B. THOMAS
EDWARD R. WILLCOX

Churchview, Va.
Sanford, Va.
Highland Springs, Va.
Centre Cross, Va.
Williamsburg, Va.
Bobs, Va.
Rocky Mount, Va.
Smithfield, Va.
Kinderwood, Va.
Loretto, Va.
Whitestone, Va.
Altona, Pa.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Norfolk, Va.

Sophomore History

HISTORY is a science that deals with facts alone, and although anecdotes are sometimes included, they are used merely to add interest to the subject and have no real historical value. Thus, in the following account of the Sophomore Class, the reader will notice that only plain truths are presented, without any sarcasm, which has no place in history, and without irony or hyperbole.

Last September, when the deepening color of the forests and shortening of the days told that autumn was at hand and vacation ended, the members of the illustrious Class of 1912 packed their valises, carpet bags and trunks, and bought their tickets for Williamsburg. Everyone had enjoyed himself during the summer, and the brief rest had served to recuperate the tired cells of cerebrum and cerebellum from their overexertion of the previous year.

The members arrived from the East and West, from North and South; for the 1912 Class is cosmopolitan and, besides having representatives from eleven counties of Virginia, it includes in its personnel residents of three different states. During the previous year, the 1912 men had gone through a process of evolution in which their duck feathers and web feet, which are signs of the embryonic period at William and Mary, had disappeared, and, in obedience to Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest, a select body of Sophomores had been produced. These arrived via boat, train, and foot, and were met at the station by a number of "Dues" and "Sub-Dues," who respectfully looked after the baggage.

As the new Sophomores wended their way toward the College, they passed the beautiful grounds of the sister institution on the hill, where a number of fair damsels stretched their swan-like necks from the upper windows of the red and white structure, and called out welcome. A somewhat similar proceeding takes place at the windows of another well-known institution of the town, but it might be well to state as an historical fact that the two are not connected in any way, for one is Presbyterian, while the other is maintained by the State.

The old campus was as beautiful as ever that September day, for its charm consists in stately old trees, through which the sun falls gently upon old Spottswood and the statue of Lord Botetourt. There may be larger and

wealthier colleges in America than William and Mary—we grant that—but nowhere else is there the same pervading sense of the historic; the charm of the colonial combined with the progress of the present.

Part of the class took up quarters in the Ewell and Brafferton dormitories, while others found rooms in town. During the first few weeks, a nightly entertainment was rendered on the porch of the Ewell, in which new “Dues” danced and sang for the amusement of the class. They soon recognized the Sophomores as their superiors and respectfully raised their hats when meeting any of the members on the street. After eating a month at the college dining room, a “Due” was led to inquire whether the tank back of the Taliaferro was filled with molasses, but a member of the class informed him that, although it had been erected for that purpose, it had proved too small and the syrup was now stored subterraneously in the cellar of the Ewell. The Sophomores advised the “Dues” in regard to which professor expected them to roar at his jokes if they wanted to make his class, and also advised any who expected to take History IV to read up on the life of President John the First.

After a short time every one was hard at work. Thomas was elected captain of the scrub football team, and Parker made the varsity; Hopkins busily canvassed the “Dues” for new members for the Phoenix; Willeox found time to call on some “calico,” and Dillard and Corbin became famous as musicians. So busily was every one engaged that Christmas came almost before it could be realized. After the holidays it was only a short time until the mid-year exams. Midnight oil was now burned, and either as the result of much study or of skillful “spotting,” every one passed in a very creditable manner. Some of the members of other classes were requested by the faculty “to leave the Heliconian Springs of W. & M. and rusticate for the remainder of the year,” but all of the ’12 class took up the work of the second term.

By this time, several of our members had gained prominence in the classroom. Deierhol was best in Rhetoric, while Neblett specialized in Science, and Snow, the class treasurer, while interested especially in Physics, had a way of getting P. P. on all his tests. Bristow “starred” in Latin, and Gale in advanced Algebra. Goddy played forward on the basket-ball team, of which he was later elected manager.

During the year the class thought it only fair that the members should have their share of Dr. Hankin’s quinine, but they never asked him to excuse them from lectures. Several times, when they had overtaxed their eyes from long study, he begged them to accept an excuse and stay away from classes, but they

spurned the idea and kept their eyes fixed on the high ideal they had set for themselves. For this reason, no Sophomore's name ever appeared among the large number from other classes on the list of unexcused absences.

When Williamsburg was much exercised over the strange woman in black, who frequented the streets at night, two of the members—Hart and Neblett—discovered her one night on the steps of a house on the "Hill." They advanced cautiously to investigate, but when within a few feet of the creature, the lateness of the hour, and the weirdness of the form overwhelmed them and they "sought safety in flight." Unfortunately, they fell headlong over a low, unseen hedge which obstructed their path. For a moment they considered themselves lost. Then the words of Æneas flashed through their minds, "A glorious thing it seemed to me to die in arms," and they turned to defend themselves. Just at this point, accounts of the affair are obscure, but it is said that as they turned, they were greeted with loud cheers from certain persons who sat hidden in the shadows, and who had dressed up the bogus woman.

In regard to the religion of the class, most of the members are, like Thomas Jefferson, claimed by the Episcopal Church, and although it is true that they often sit in the gallery at Bruton, where their predecessors sat in colonial times and carved their names on the railing, yet when the W. F. U. gives a reception they are all Presbyterians.

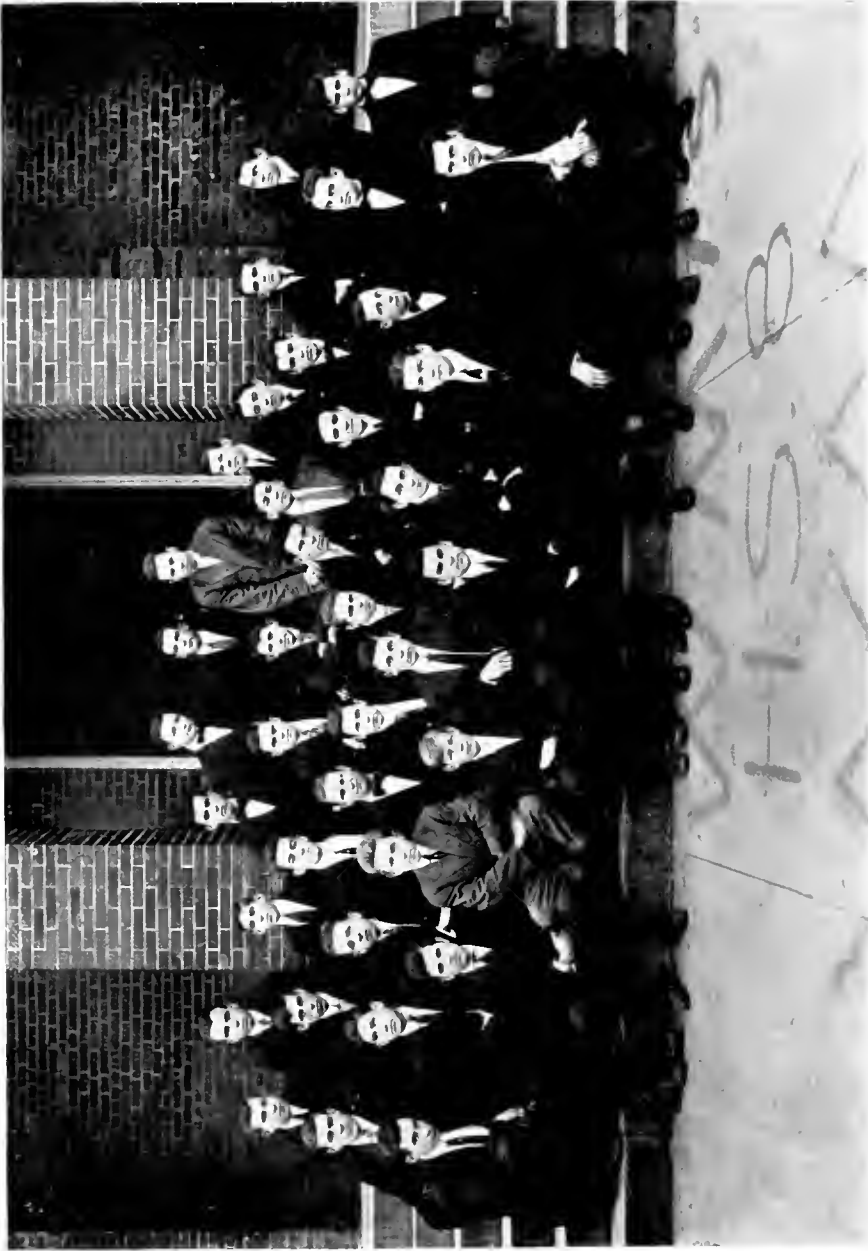
The standard of beauty of the class does not run to extremes of handsomeness or ugliness, but like its other qualities strikes a happy medium. Thus far, all have withstood the charms of "ye fair sex of ye ancient capital," even though the Dean of the Faculty gave a course in "Romeo and Juliet," and the staff engaged Mrs. Williams to render the same love tragedy, for the express purpose of assisting the said fair sex.

This history closes the Sophomore period of the Class of 1912. For advanced students who desire to do research work on this subject, a list of authorities is given below.

HISTORIAN.

REFERENCES:—Hopkins' "Political Journals" (new edition); Snow's "How to Curl"; Hart's "Ghosts That I Have Met"; "Faculty Records, 1909-10"; "Philomathean Archives"; "Phoenix Minute Book"; "Athletic Records."





FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class

MOTTO: Let not ambition mock our useful toil

Colors: Purple and Old Gold

YELL: Wah! Hoo! Wah!

Sis! Boom! Bah!

Nineteen thirteen,

Rah! Rah! Rah!

OFFICERS

T. W. BENNETT
E. CARY JONES
ARTHUR R. CHRISTIE
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H. A. TURNER	Lynchburg, Va.
R. L. UNGER...	Waynesboro, Pa.
R. C. WARBURTON...	Hot Water, Va.

Freshman History

OLD Freshman Class, how much we love thee! So much that some of us wish never to leave thy august ranks. But a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, so as Sophomores we will carry thy principles and reign with thy power.

We are not like other Freshmen. Most of us have passed through the introductory stage, first as Junior "Dues," browbeaten by the Senior "Dues," Freshmen, and Sophomores. Then as Senior "Dues," the most important of men, we played the Sophomores to the class beneath us. Nothing was respected by us in those days. The professors knew something, we granted them that, but we knew *all*. They meant well and we allowed them a little for that, but they could not see life in its broadness as we could. In their narrowness, they took our only plaything, the Taliaferro, and gave it to the miserable "Dues" to play with. But now, in our matured wisdom, we see that they must have something to occupy their minds, and we concede them the old building. We have passed the stage of a "little learning." We have come to stand upon the bright threshold of College. The mysteries hid away in the musty volumes have a hitherto unknown fascination for us. Once despised of all men and despising all men, we now stand upon the footing of college undergraduates, and find a comradeship that we know has awaited only our appreciation. We have left behind us the idea that the principles we learn are to be applied only in the classroom, and to be forgotten when the massive doors clang behind our flying footsteps. In our new wisdom we take them into the broad fields of everyday life and make them our servants. Many manifestations of this spirit have been seen by the historian. Not long ago he beheld a Freshman, with a garden pea, a pair of steel yards, and a sledge hammer, patiently testing the amount of pressure the poor little pea could stand.

Far down in the wood behind the College, he came upon a Freshman applying the rules of Rhetoric. Not the first rule of Rhetoric, probably this could not be applied by this particular student, who, of course, now shall be nameless, but the rule of climax. "I love to see upon the roster of our College," he cried, "such names as Monroe, Jefferson, and Parson Roach."

Another time the historian, rambling down by lovers' lane, heard the soft voice of Doc Hall murmuring in the starlight, "Ich liebe dich," "Je t'aime," "Ego amo te."

The class in vocal music apply their art in each and every nook of our city, and rival the conchshells in their harmony.

The eels of Williamsburg keep their tails ever curled upon their backs in fleeing from the biological students, and the bullfrogs hit only the high places. So high has this spirit of application mounted, that the other day the writer saw the zoölogists engage in a free-for-all fight with the students of ancient history over the question as to which department Dr. Tyler's horse belonged.

And so we rank high in learning.

In athletics we are unusually well represented. The pitiful sight of the campus calf hobbling by testifies to the tackling prowess of our doughty men, and the home runs made in the cold time of February have made some of us famous as baseball players.

As a friendly injunction, the historian was requested to make special note of our "calicoists," and it is with a feeling of pride that he does so:

"The Freshman Class ryde forth,
Hyde all ye ladies gay,
They take a heart,
They break a heart,
Then ryde away."

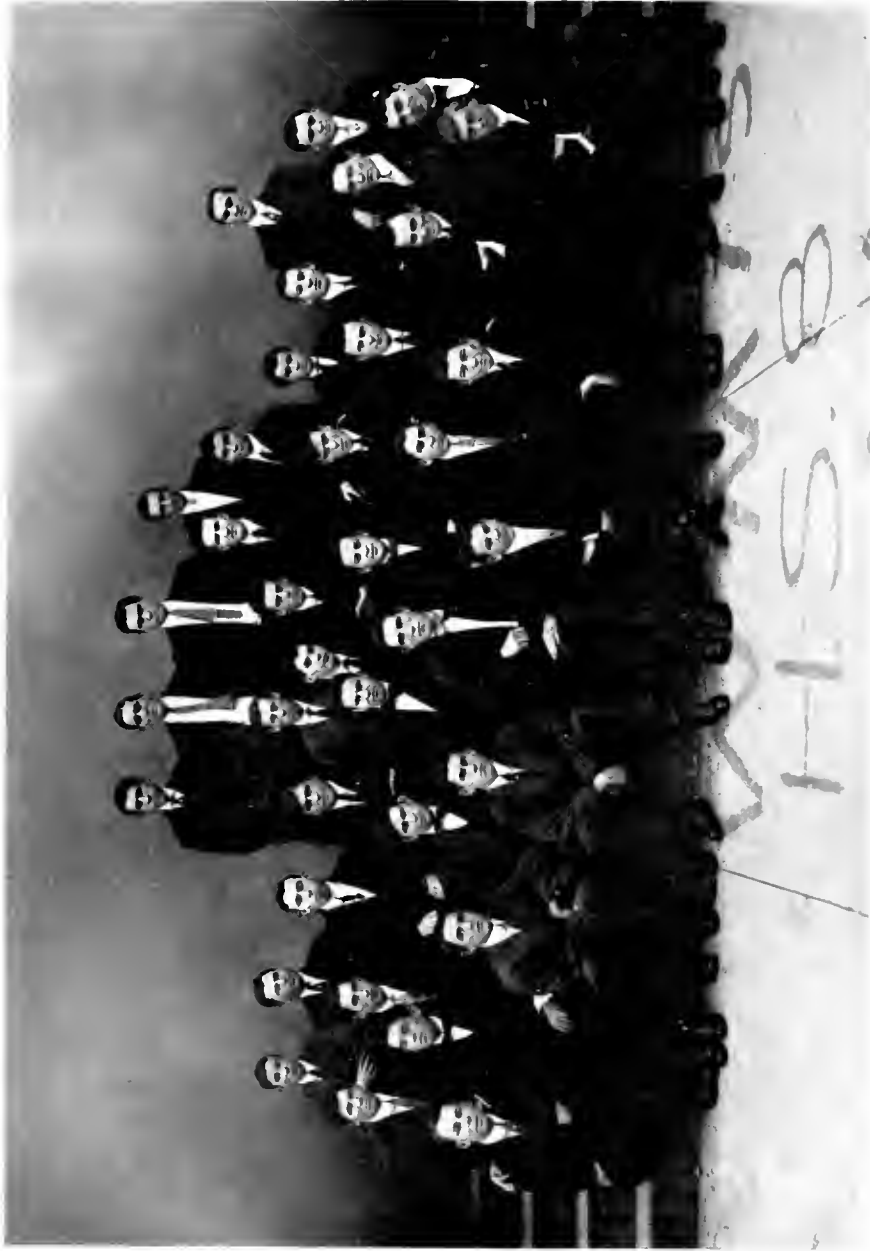
The scene has shifted from the shadow of stately Lord Botetourt to the walls of W. F. L. Here the stillness of night and the nerves of poor defenceless girls are shattered by the hideous discord of lusty-throated Freshmen. Here lies many a tender heart, here lies the cause of many a flunk. Yet, is it not better to love and flunk, than never to love at all? And thus, too, we stand in the front ranks exposed to the deadly aim of the Archer God.

And so the historian, having attempted in his feeble way to immortalize his classmates, must stop and leave so much unsaid. But now no man of this Freshman Class can be said to have departed this life, "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

We are all here to-day, but of to-morrow who can speak? The light-hearted friend who made merry with us in our revels, the guiding touch of a friend's warm hand, the love of college sweetheart, to-morrow may be but memories. Let us, that go forth from the care of Alma Mater, take with us to all climes and all nations the spirit of our memories, our teachers, and our College.

HISTORIAN.





DEC CLASS

Duc Class

MOTTO: Truth conquers

COLORS: Blue and White

YELL: Who are we? Well, who are you?

'Tis no lie; 'tis no bluff,

We are Senior Dues, Senior Dues,

Red hot stuff.

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B. D. PEACHY
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Duc Class History

"We met as strangers, but the golden chain of friendship has
Entwined around us, its golden links, and we shall part as friends."

WE must acknowledge that the most common fault of a class historian is boasting; however, the humble scribe, whose honor it is to chronicle the achievements of the Senior "Ducs," feels that it is his duty to boast of this class, which is one of the most remarkable in the College. He feels that the words of highest praise will not be amiss in eulogizing its members.

The Second Sub-Collegiate Class is well represented in nearly every phase of college life. On the gridiron, last fall, we were represented by Marrow and Collier, who were members of the Varsity, and several others on the second team. Powell did good work during the basket-ball season; and although it is too early to record our achievements in baseball, I feel perfectly safe in saying that the members of the Second Sub-Collegiate Class will win their share of honors.

In the Y. M. C. A., in the literary societies, and in the classroom we can boast of as many good men as any other class. Though some of us became homesick after February exams and *had* to go home, those who are here now seem to be as quiet and good a lot of fellows as will be found in any other class. Some of the professors say that the required course for a second year "duc" is about the hardest one in college, yet some of our members have elected to take another ticket in addition to the required ones—"calico." We must say that "dues" seem to be very popular in town, as we never have anything in the way of fowl except twenty-five-year-old hens.

Taking everything in consideration, what would William and Mary College do without us? Why, it just couldn't get along at all. Perhaps the fall of Rome may be forgotten; the Dead Sea may forget to give up its dead; Dr. Tyler may forget to talk to the fellows; but the fame of the Senior "Duc" Class will endure from time into eternity.

HISTORIAN.



W.E.D.



SUBJECT CLASS

Sub-Duc Class



MOTTO: Deficere nescimus (We know not to fail)

SONG: Home, Sweet Home

COLORS: Orange and Gray

YELL: Rackety Klack!
Ka Zen! Ka Zen!
First "Duc" Class
Of 1910!

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 Toano, Va.
 Bloxom, Va.
 Elk Hill, Va.
 Portsmouth, Va.
 Newport News, Va.
 Suffolk, Va.
 Olo, Va.
 Elkton, Va.
 Studley, Va.



Sub-Duc History

AFTER many long years of impatient waiting, we have at last reached the first goal of our ambition, and are registered as students on the roll of the renowned College of William and Mary. The office of historian is a very difficult one, and, owing to the limited capacity and experience of the writer, I fear I cannot do justice to this important body of men. Since the class has conferred the honor of "historian" on me, I shall endeavor to do them justice by giving their record for the year now drawing to a close.

We came to William and Mary September 16, 1909, and registered our names along with those of our nation's greatest men. Our first experience was when we met the "Entrance Committee." When they had succeeded, by tests and questions, in frightening us—as only a young boy, who is away from home for the first time, can be—we sought the rooms that had been assigned us by the "steward," and awaited the time when we should have our first trial with the "hash" that is an indispensable part of the menu of every boarding school.

Unfortunately, we are called "Dues" by the upper classmen; and, while the name, at first, seemed very humiliating to us, we have now forgotten the opprobrium of that name and are pressing forward with all our energy, as we recognize that success comes by the hardest efforts of mind and body. We feel that, with effort, success will come to us, though it may be like the mirage shifting from horizon to horizon as we plod wearily along. But in the fullness of God's own time "We shall reap if we faint not."

It should be known that the members of this class seem to be striving for the glory and honor to be gained at College, both in athletics and classwork. They seem to realize that it is the trained and disciplined intellect which rules the world of literature, science and art; it is knowledge put in action by trained faculties which is so powerful.

In athletics, we are represented on the Varsity football eleven by Barnard and Deel. Barnard was a fast runner and one of the best players in the "Eastern League." In addition to these, we were well represented on the scrub team. The second basket-ball team is composed almost entirely of "Dues"; and, from the interest already manifested in baseball, it is safe to predict that we shall be well represented on the diamond. The "Dues" compose one-fourth of the Y. M. C. A. attendance, and are well represented and very active in the literary society work. We also have several politicians in our class whose career will be, and should be, closely watched.

Last, but not least, the first year class has furnished its usual number of "calico sports," who, while not gaining great distinction in our halls, are well and favorably known at our "Sister Institution."

HISTORIAN.

Student Schedule

NAME	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC	MOTTO	WANTS TO BE	WILL LIKELY BE
C. C. Bell	Striking the hour	Keep a hammering	A shining light	A miller
C. T. Blackmore	Wavy locks	More speed	A bacteriologist	A well digger
W. M. A. Bloxton	Beauty	Take your time	Single	Single
W. T. Brown	Bald head	Coming all the time	His own boss	Bossed
J. M. Davis	His voice	It is better to have loved, etc.	A big devil	A preacher
T. Y. Davis	Loading	Keep on the sunny side	A lawyer	Editor of Town Topics
R. C. Deal	Drilling	Keep step	A soldier man	Chaufeur
W. P. Dillard	Excellent voice	Beware of the monk	A physician	Organ grinder
D. M. Dold	Cutting lectures	Set the fashion	A doctor	A snake doctor
C. L. Ebell	Sporting cable	Wait till the last minute	A missionary	Cannibal food
H. H. Fletcher	Slipping the paper	Nulla spes est	A commercialist	Justice of peace
F. L. B. Goodwin	A red tie	Predestination is the chief of time	Somebody's darling	Country doctor
F. E. Graves	Collecting contingent fees	Produce the coin	Calicoist	Calicoed
C. H. Hall	Unconcerned air	Down with politics	A professor of Math.	Politician
H. R. Hamilton	Length	The goose hangs high	An orator	Gagged
S. S. Harris	Flow legs	Let the barrel roll through	A hero	A hobo
N. D. Heaton	Head	Look pretty	It	It
W. L. Hopkins	Ambition	Up with the ring and down with the Phoenix	The whole show	Elected
J. M. Hurt	Sweet smile	Hand me the tin	A lion among the ladies	Fireman
R. E. Jackson	Mustache	Laugh and the world laughs with you	An editor	Auctioneer
W. B. Lee, Jr.	Question mark	Gave an ad	A pedagogue	Same old Guineaman
T. S. Neale	Pompadour	Look sweet	An engineer	Dancing master
R. Parker	Singing	Missed my man	A star	Pee keeper
W. E. Reach	Roman nose	Quoted the concept	A big devil	Woman suffragist
E. B. Thomas	Talking	Carry the ball, Jumbo	On time	A junk dealer
A. L. Thoms	That grin	The world is mine	Settled	Shaken
T. F. West	Big pipe	It ain't no harm to run when you get scared	A flying machine	Stump speaker
M. O. Townsend	Horse laugh	Get right	Handsome	A husband

The Eye of Fornari

TWO weeks before Election Day there was gathered in the executive chamber of the home of the exclusive Waldenestre Club a small group of excited men. These men represented more political power than any other equal number in the city of St. Louis, and perhaps in the state of Missouri. One of them, a short, ponderous man of domineering appearance, was addressing the others:

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "you know and I know that as soon as Philip Burbridge finishes his speech to-morrow night at the Yeatman Auditorium, we shall be back numbers, and, what is more, liable to some lively prosecution. Outside of everybody here, Burbridge is the only man who knows the truth of that Exposition deal. He has been holding it back for this very time. I admit that I am stumped; can any of you suggest anything?"

A few groaned, one or two swore softly. When James Monahan could not think of a scheme to outwit the other man, it was time for very serious thought.

"Isn't there some way we can keep him from speaking?" asked Collidge, one of Monahan's business partners.

"Stop his speech!" snapped the leader, "stop his speech! For Heaven's sake, Collidge, suggest something plausible, at least."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Monahan, I think that it can be done."

The rest looked at the speaker. Young Louis Carrona had been taken into the confidence of Monahan mainly because of the tremendous influence that he possessed in the Italian section of the city. The leader glanced at Carrona impatiently, then stopped abruptly. Something in the young Italian's grave expression caused him to believe in his lieutenant.

"I think it can be done," Carrona repeated. "Mr. Monahan, gentlemen, have you ever heard of any one possessing what you call, I think, the 'evil eye'?"

The rising hopes of the others fell.

"Come, come!" Collidge exclaimed. "That stuff is all bosh. Why, Carrona, this is America, and you have to drop those ideas nowadays."

"Allow me, Mr. Collidge, to have my word." The Italian's voice hinted anger. "I have never in my life met but one man in whom is such an eye. His eyes, however, have not so much of the evil effect afterwards, as they have of disconcerting any one on whom they rest continually. If you, Mr. Monahan,

will take your auto and come with me. I can take you, in a few minutes, to the home of the only man who has the power to ruin the speech to-morrow night."

Again the others were impressed. Monahan acted quickly.

"All right, Carrona," he agreed, "we can take a chance at it."

"Gentlemen," he addressed the others, "the meeting may be considered over. Thanks for your attendance, and, of course, don't forget that silence is golden, especially at present."

He arose, struggled into his overcoat, and walked out of the room and down the steps, followed by Carrona. In front of the club house his chauffeur waited, seated in a touring car. Both stepped into the tonneau, and Monahan asked where the place was to which they should go.

"To the corner of Olive and Judson," answered Carrona, half to Monahan and half to the chauffeur.

Once in motion, the car soon reached its destination and the Italian stepped out. He entered a small tobacco shop on the corner and walking up to the apparent proprietor, shook hands with him.

"Ah, signore, you are come to see me?" queried the man.

"Yes," answered Carrona, "I have come for you, Francisco. You have a chance to make money now; money, Francisco, money enough to live like *il re si*. Look up the place, and get your hat."

He was soon ready, and they both got into the auto. Monahan could not help observing the strange appearance of the man, small stature, an immense head, and great masses of back hair surmounting it.

"Back to my house," was Monahan's order to the chauffeur, and inside of twenty minutes they were in front of his palatial home. The three alighted, and passing into the house, they entered the library. Closing the door securely Monahan switched on the light and turned to the stranger.

"Now that we are alone," said Carrona, "Mr. Monahan, this gentleman's full name is Francisco Fornari."

"Mr. Fornari," said Monahan, in low tones, "my name is James Monahan. Putting aside all courtesies, I have a proposition to make to you. To-morrow night a Mr. Burlbridge makes a speech—talks, you understand—to a great crowd of people. If you can get near enough to him to catch his eye when he begins to speak, and if you can make him stop—confuse him, you know—I will give you five thousand dollars."

"Five thousand dollars?" echoed Fornari, "five thousand dollars? O Mr. Monahan, that is a lot a money to a poor Italian. But you can be in earnest about it?"

"That is all right, Francisco," interrupted Carrona. "I will see that you get the money."

"Then it is all right. I agree, Mr. Monahan."

The latter arose.

"Carrona," he said, "it's after one o'clock now; you and Mr. Fornari had better stay here."

Carrona agreed, and being shown to his room by a drowsy servant, the two Italians retired. As for Monahan, he disrobed and got into bed, but the first gray streaks of dawn had touched his window shades before his troubled mind could be at rest.

The auditorium of the Yeatman Building was filled with people; a struggling mass fought for standing room. To-night, many were confident, was to be the turning point of the campaign; Philip Burbridge, the greatest speaker Missouri had as yet produced, was to make his much-advertised *exposé* of the so-called Monahan Exposition Steal. This was of great significance, as Monahan was the political boss of St. Louis.

One or two preliminary speeches had been made, when the chairman announced Mr. Burbridge. Amidst great applause, the speaker rose. He addressed the crowd with composure, his eyes swept the vast assemblage with calm confidence; most certainly he would create a sensation to-night.

Suddenly he paused. His eyes rested on the swarthy face of an Italian in the front row. No, the eyes of the *Italian* were resting on him; yet not resting on him, but glaring, piercing, tearing him. Not two eyes but one eye, one great, huge fireball which blazed at him in a direct line. Great God! He had never seen such a thing before—such a *thing*, did he say?—no, such an *animal*, such a *living*, breathing *Demon*!—The silence of the multitude enabled him to tear himself away from the Eye for a moment.

"So, to-night," he took up his speech again, "I come to lay before you the most astounding land steal of the century, the—"

Again the Eye called him, looked at him, sprang at him, dazzled and terrified him. It seemed to read his thoughts, and laughed at Burbridge. The laugh turned to a sinister sneer, the sneer to a dart of lightning. Merciful God! The Eye has shut out all view of the thousands of wondering people, and is advancing upon him! As it advances it grows larger, now it is an iridescent mass; octopus-like, the Eye envelops him, smothers him, chokes him; in vain he struggles to fight it off, to cast it down; it is upon all sides, it is climbing upon him, it is tearing away his body to get at his heart!

"O God!" he screams, lowering his head and fighting the Demon with claw-like fingers. "take him away! Take him away!"

The mob is on its feet.

"He's crazy!" yells someone in the back of the building.

"He's crazy! He's crazy!" they take up the cry, as with a final outburst Burbridge falls fainting upon the platform.

For a moment the mob hesitates, then breaks like a scattered wave, swarming over the backs of seats and seeking the exits. As they pour forth from the auditorium, a frightened, panicky herd, one alone remains. It is Fornari. He vaults upon the low stage and kneels over the prostrate speaker. With long, sinewy fingers he smooths back the man's hair; with his strange power he awakes the sleeping brain. Burbridge shivers, his eyes open, he stares up at his misshapen conqueror.

"You are better now?" the Italian queried, imperiously.

The staring eyes gave no answer.

"Ah," exclaimed Fornari, "it is well. To-night, you leave the city. To-night, you—must—leave—the—city. I—will—help—you—up."

He extended his hand. Burbridge grasped it tightly and pulled himself to a standing position.

"You—understand?"

The vacant eyes flashed momentarily, then grew dull again; the cord of memory had been snapped forever; the slave assented to the master's orders.

"Yes—I—understand; I will—go—to-night."

He staggered slightly, then turned, and, aided by the Italian, passed through a wing and out into the open. Once, only once, he paused, and drew his twitching hand across his forehead. But he could find nothing there, his reason—was sealed forever; the Eye of Fornari held the key. But from his brain escaped one short string of words, which kept resounding, resounding against the closed mind. Mechanically his lips formed the sound, and, as they walked, he took a childish delight in saying them over and over again:

"Monahan—has—won!"

EARL B. THOMAS.



Main Building of William and Mary College
— Built in 1694. —



Home of Peyton Randolph
in 1773.



Bruton Parish Church, built in 1713.



President's House, founded in 1722.



Bassett House, home of John
Tyler in 1841.



Court House, built in 1768.



Home of John Blair, President
of the Virginia Council.



Brafton Building founded in 1722.



Home of George Wythe and
headquarters of Gen. Washington.



Powder Magazine, built in 1714.



Lord Dummer's Log Cabin.



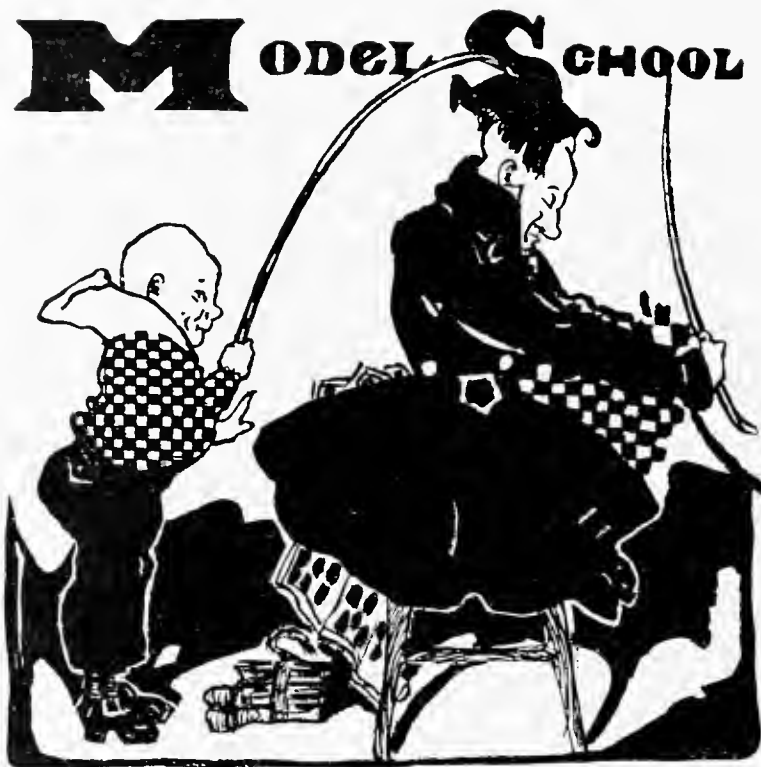
Mrs. Washington's Kitchen.



Deble's Farm.

Scenes in old Williamsburg.

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MARGARET W. MURPHY
ELIZABETH MORECOCK
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.....Kindergartner
.....Instructor in Second Grade and Art
.....Instructor in Fourth Grade and Manual Training
.....Instructor in Third Grade and Nature Study

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H. R. HAMILTON

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B. T. NEWTON
R. PARKER

C. G. RICHARDSON





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THOMPSON, A. T.
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UNGER, R. L.
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WALKER, R. H.
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WYANT, H. W.



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J. D. BEALE
Y. M. C. A. AND COLLEGE NOTES



W. L. HOPKINS
ALUMNI EDITOR



C. L. EBELL
Y. M. C. A. AND COLLEGE NOTES

WILLIAM AND MARY LITERARY MAGAZINE



Phi Beta Kappa

THE Phi Beta Kappa Society was organized at the College of William and Mary, December 5, 1776. The founders were John Heath, Thomas Smith, Richard Booker, Armistead Smith, and John Jones, who "builted better than they knew." It was a combination of the modern Greek letter fraternity and the college debating society. One of the rules was, "That four members be selected to perform at every session, two of whom in matters of argumentation and the others in opposite composition."

The first stadium of the mother chapter lasted but five years (1776-1781). In 1781, the British fleet, "bearing Benedict Arnold and his forces," landed near Williamsburg, and the society sealed up its records and placed them in the hands of the college steward. These old minutes were lost sight of for many years, then fell into the keeping of the Virginia Historical Society, by whom they were returned to the mother chapter after her revival in 1893. They are now an object of intense interest to every Phi Beta Kappa who visits the College of William and Mary.

During this first period of five years, there were about fifty initiations. Between 1776 and 1788, many of these fifty youths rose into prominence in Virginia; later on, in national politics. In the Virginia Convention of 1788, eight Phi Beta Kappas took a leading part. In the General Assembly of Virginia about the same time, some of them were very prominent. Of course, the most distinguished of all was John Marshall, who was initiated while attending law lectures in the College, when, as a captain in the Revolutionary Army, he came to Williamsburg to urge the Legislature to muster in more troops for the patriot army.

Among other prominent men of this first era were Archibald Stuart, jurist; John Heath, legislator and congressman; Bekley, clerk of Congress; Bushrod Washington, associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and William Short, the eminent diplomat. Other names on the roster are Cabell, Hardy, Mason, Fitzhugh, Lee, and Madison.

Phi Beta Kappa cannot claim Jefferson as a member. His college days were over when she came into existence, and, as already said, the boys adjourned in 1781; that little band never met again as a society.

Among the original fifty members was a delicate youth from New England named Elisha Parmelee, who came South for his health. He became a very enthusiastic Phi Beta Kappa and urged that chapters be established in New England. On December 4, 1779, a charter was voted to Harvard; five days later, to Yale. Parmelee established these two chapters some time in 1780 or 1781. Those two, with the consent of Virginia Alpha, established a chapter at Dartmouth College. After the suspension of the mother chapter, the three chapters named above constituted the whole society. Brilliant men adorn the rolls of the New England chapters, among them John Quincy Adams, Timothy Bigelow, Edward Everett, Emerson, Story, Wayland, Parsons, Cushing, Beecher, Allstone, Bryant, Holmes, Longfellow, Sargent, Taylor, Bret Harte, Steedman, Stoddard, Webster, Choate, Woodsey, Curtis, and Lowell.

In 1849, the mother chapter rose from the dead. William Short, one of her fifty members, revived the chapter and placed its destinies in the hands of the College faculty. Among the members of that era were Rev. Silas Totten, D. D., President Benjamin S. Ewell, and Prof. Edward S. Joyner. They conferred the honor of membership upon James M. Wise, John S. Hansbrough, W. Robertson Garrett, Alfred M. Randolph, A. S. Farveron, William Lamb, W. Talbot Walke, Robert Gatewood, William B. Taliaferro and a few other distinguished students, whose names are not recorded. In 1861, war again sounded at the College gates and the Phi Beta Kappa boys threw down their lexicons, bade adieu to the old College, and entered the armies defending Virginia.

From 1861 to 1893, the old mother chapter slumbered peacefully. Occasionally she would wake up long enough to elect a professor to membership, but rarely went through any form of initiation. In 1893, however, after the College had been in operation for five years under the *regis* of the state, William Lamb, a loyal son of William and Mary and a devoted Phi Beta Kappa, determined to revive the chapter. With the coöperation of the venerable Benjamin S. Ewell, president-emeritus of the College, Gen. William B. Taliaferro, vice-rector of the Board of Visitors, Major W. Talbot Walke and Rev. Robert Gatewood, he initiated the whole faculty (six) and the College librarian, a man of letters. These seven proceeded to add to the membership of the chapter. Among the members now are most of the literary men of this State and some in other states; and a good number of young alumni have been elected on account of their special promise. In everything in Virginia requiring brains and ability, William and Mary Phi Beta Kappas are generally in evidence, so much so that it is a badge of honor in Virginia to wear the key of Virginia Alpha and to be admitted to her annual banquet.

Thomas Nelson Page, when elected by this chapter, said that it was one of the highest honors he had ever received. Hon. Elihu Root said that the revival of the mother chapter of Phi Beta Kappa was one of the greatest events of the closing decade of the nineteenth century.

Though originally a Greek letter fraternity, Phi Beta Kappa has long occupied a different position. She does not compete at all with college fraternities. A man may belong to one of these and to Phi Beta Kappa at the same time. As to the secrecy, that is a matter of local custom. In some places there is no secrecy at all. At Harvard, initiations used to be public. The motto, the meaning of the letters and other supposed secrets can be found printed in any library. Phi Beta Kappa is a "brotherhood of scholars."

At William and Mary there are two classes of members, which might be called ordinary and honorary. The latter, as intimated already, are men distinguished in letters and science, whom the College wishes to honor. The former are old students who have gone out into life and showed some special promise or won their spurs in some literary or scientific calling. Any student now on the rolls has it within his power to wear the key and take part in the annual "feast of reason and flow of soul," the evening which begins with an oration and ends in "jollity and mirth."



Pi Kappa Alpha

FOUNDERS

FREDERICK SOUTHGATE TAYLOR, Norfolk, Va.

JULIAN EDWARD WOOD, Elizabeth City, N. C.

LITTLETON WALLER TAZEWELL, Norfolk, Va.

* ROBERTSON HOWARD, Washington, Va.

† JAMES BENJAMIN SCHLATER, Richmond, Va.

* Deceased.

ACTIVE CHAPTERS

Alpha—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.

Beta—Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.

Gamma—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.

Delta—Southern University, Greensboro, Ala.

Zeta—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.

Eta—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.

Theta—Southern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tenn.

Iota—Hampden-Sidney College, Hampden-Sidney, Va.

Kappa—Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky.

Mu—Presbyterian College, Clinton, S. C.

Nu—Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

Omicon—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.

Pi—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

Rho—Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.

Sigma—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

Tau—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Upsilon—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.

Chi—University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.

Psi—Georgia Agricultural College, Dahlonega, Ga.

Omega—Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.

Alpha Alpha—Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

Alpha Beta—Coventary College, Jackson, La.

Alpha Gamma—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.

Alpha Delta—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.

Alpha Epsilon—North Carolina A. and M. College, Raleigh, N. C.

Alpha Zeta—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.

Alpha Eta—University of Florida, Lake City, Fla.

Alpha Iota—Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.

Alpha Kappa—Missouri School of Mines, Rolla, Mo.

Alpha Lambda—Georgetown College, Kentucky.

Alpha Mu—University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.

Alpha Nu—University of Missouri.



PI KAPPA ALPHA

Samma Chapter of Pi Kappa Alpha

(Established 1871)

Flowers: Lily of the Valley, Gold Standard Tulip.
Colors: Old Gold and Garnet.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

F. M. BARNES
W. T. ELLIS
N. D. HEATON
E. P. FARTHING
E. C. JONES
R. P. MICHAELS
A. P. LEATHERBURY
E. R. WILCOX
B. T. NEWTON
A. R. CHRISTIE
B. A. GARTH
W. N. DEERHOI

FRATER IN FACULTATE

WM. HODGES MANN, Jr.

FRATRES IN URBE

DR. G. A. HANKINS
M. C. BARNES

Alumni Chapters of Psi Kappa Alpha

Alpha—Richmond, Va.

Beta—Memphis, Tenn.

Gamma—White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

Delta—Charleston, S. C.

Epsilon—Norfolk, Va.

Zeta—Dillon, S. C.

Eta—New Orleans, La.

Theta—Dallas, Texas.

Iota—Knoxville, Tenn.

Kappa—Charlottesville, Va.

Lambda—Opelika, Ala.

Mu—Fort Smith, Ark.

Nu—Birmingham, Ala.

Xi—Lynchburg, Va.

Omicron—Spartanburg, S. C.

Pi—Gainesville, Ga.

Rho—Lexington, Ky.

Sigma—Raleigh, N. C.

Tau—Salisbury, N. C.

Upsilon—Charlotte, N. C.

Phi—Hattiesburg, Miss.

Chi—Muskogee, Okla.

KA

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0000000000000000

Kappa Alpha

(Founded at Washington and Lee University in 1865)

ACTIVE CHAPTERS

Alpha—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Gamma—University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
Epsilon—Emory College, Oxford, Ga.
Zeta—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.
Eta—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
Theta—University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky.
Kappa—Mercer University, Macon, Ga.
Lambda—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Nu—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
Xi—Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.
Omicron—University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
Pi—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
Sigma—Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.
Epsilon—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Phi—Southwestern University, Greensboro, Ala.
Chi—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Psi—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Omega—Central University of Kentucky, Danville, Ky.
Alpha Alpha—University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
Alpha Beta—University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Alpha Gamma—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.
Alpha Delta—William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo.
Alpha Zeta—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
Alpha Eta—Westminster College, Fulton, Mo.
Alpha Theta—Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky.
Alpha Iota—Centenary College, Shreveport, La.
Alpha Kappa—University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.
Alpha Lambda—Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.
Alpha Mu—Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.
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Alpha Omicron—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Alpha Pi—Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Palo Alto, Cal.
Alpha Rho—West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va.
Alpha Sigma—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
Alpha Tau—Hampden-Sidney College, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Alpha Upsilon—University of Mississippi, University, Miss.
Alpha Phi—Trinity College, Durham, N. C.
Alpha Omega—N. C. A. & M. College, Raleigh, N. C.
Beta Alpha—Missouri School of Mines, Rolla, Mo.
Beta Beta—Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va.
Beta Gamma—College of Charleston, Charleston, S. C.
Beta Delta—Georgetown College, Georgetown, Ky.
Beta Epsilon—Delaware College, Newark, Del.
Beta Zeta—University of Florida, Gainesville, Fla.
Beta Eta—University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.
Beta Theta—Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
Beta Iota—Drury College, Springfield, Mo.



KAPPA ALPHA

Alpha Zeta Chapter of Kappa Alpha

(Established in 1890)

COLORS OF THE ORDER: Crimson and Old Gold.

FLOWERS: Magnolia and Red Rose.

CHAPTER FLOWER: Violet.

YELL: K A Alpha,
K A Kappa,
Alpha Zeta,
Kappa Alpha.

FRATER IN FACULTATE

DR. W. A. MONTGOMERY

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R. HUGH COLLINS	HERBERT E. JOHNSTON
R. C. DEAL	BASIL MANLY
D. M. DOLD	R. MANN PAGE
WM. E. DOLD, Jr.	L. A. PEATROSS
H. LEE FINLAYSON	J. NEVILLE RICHARDS
SELDEN S. HARRIS	H. E. TRIMBLE

»

FRATRES IN URBE

SPENCER LANE

R. SYDNEY BROOKS

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Birmingham, Ala.	Franklin O. Adams, 16 Steiner Building
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Charleston, W. Va.	S. C. Littlepage
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Griffin, Ga.	Bailey Fowler
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Selma, Ala.	H. L. Hooper
Shreveport, La.	D. G. Frantz, Box 257
Spartanburg, S. C.	Chas. P. Calvert
Springfield, Mo.	F. L. Maines
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Staunton, Va.	Charles S. Roller, Jr.
Tallahassee, Fla.	E. A. Meginniss
Talladega, Ala.	Marion H. Sims
Tampa, Fla.	W. Munro McIntosh
Thomasville, Ga.	Edward Jerger
Washington, D. C.	H. Shaffer, 1931 K St., N. W.
Wilmington, N. C.	J. F. Post, Jr.



Theta Delta Chi

(Founded at Union College, 1848)

COLORS: Black, White, and Blue.

FLOWER: Red Carnation.

GEM: Ruby.

YELL: Ziprick! Ziprick! Hi! Ki! Si!

Epsilon! Epsilon!

Theta Delta Chi!

CHARGES

Beta—Cornell University, 1870.

Gamma Deuteron—University of Michigan, 1889.

Delta Deuteron—University of California, 1900.

Epsilon—William and Mary College, 1853.

Zeta—Brown University, 1853.

Zeta Deuteron—McGill University, 1901.

Eta—Bowdoin College, 1854.

Eta Deuteron—Leland Stanford, Jr., University, 1903.

Theta Deuteron—Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1890.

Iota—Harvard University, 1856.

Iota Deuteron—Williams College, 1891.

Kappa—Tufts College, 1856.

Kappa Deuteron—University of Illinois, 1908.

Lambda—Boston University, 1877.

Mu Deuteron—Amherst College, 1885.

Nu Deuteron—Lehigh University, 1884.

Xi—Hobart College, 1857.

Omicron Deuteron—Dartmouth College, 1869.

Pi Deuteron—College of the City of New York, 1881.

Rho Deuteron—Columbia University, 1883.

Sigma Deuteron—University of Wisconsin, 1895.

Tau Deuteron—University of Minnesota, 1892.

Phi—Lafayette College, 1867.

Chi—University of Rochester, 1867.

Chi Deuteron—George Washington University, 1896.

Psi—Hamilton College, 1868.



THETA DELTA CHI

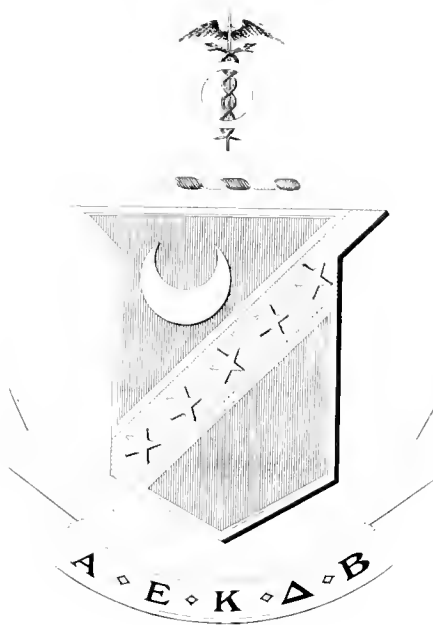
Epsilon Charge of Theta Delta Chi

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

JOSEPH E. HEALY, 1910
FRANK E. GRAVES, 1910
ROSCOE C. YOUNG, 1910
AMOS R. KOONTZ, 1910
CHARLES C. SNOW, 1912
ELMER R. STUMP, 1912
LEWIS B. STATON, 1913
ALEXIS W. O'KEEFE, 1913
SOL W. RAWLES, 1913
EMMETT L. H. MACHEN, 1913
HERBERT W. VADEN, 1913
HENRY A. TURNER, 1913
CARLETON BARNWELL, 1913

Graduate Associations of Theta Delta Chi

Gamma Deuteron Association of $\Theta \Delta X$, 1899.
Epsilon Alumni Association, 1904.
Epsilon Deuteron, Thirty-six Club, 1903.
Zeta Alumni Association, 1898.
Zeta Deuteron Alumni Association, 1902.
Eta Chapter House Corporation, 1901.
Eta Deuteron Alumni Association, 1905.
Iota Graduate Association, 1902.
 $\Theta \Delta X$ Association of Williams College, 1906.
Kappa Charge of the $\Theta \Delta X$ Fraternity Corporation, 1883.
Lambda Graduate Association, 1899.
 $\Theta \Delta X$ Building Association, Champaign, Ill.
New York Association of Lambda Alumni.
Mu Deuteron Association of $\Theta \Delta X$ Society, 1890.
Nu Deuteron Alumni Association, 1908.
Xi Charge of $\Theta \Delta X$ Corporation, 1907.
The Omicron Survivors Association, 1908.
Omicron Deuteron Alumni Association.
Graduate Association of Pi Deuteron, 1906.
Rho Alumni Association, 1907.
Rho Deuteron Alumni Association, 1903.
Rho Deuteron Company, 1904.
Sigma Deuteron Alumni Association of $\Theta \Delta X$, 1903.
The Wisconsin Association of $\Theta \Delta X$, 1885.
Tau Deuteron Alumni Association.
Phi Alumni Association, 1904.
Chi Alumni Association.
Chi Alumni Association of New York, 1909.
Chi Deuteron Graduate Association, 1901.
Psi Alumni Association.
Graduate Club of $\Theta \Delta X$, New York, 1896.
New York Graduate Association, 1856.
New England Association, 1884.
Rhode Island Alumni Association of $\Theta \Delta X$, 1898.
Central New York Graduate Association of $\Theta \Delta X$, 1905.
Rochester Graduate Association of $\Theta \Delta X$, 1902.
Buffalo Graduate Association, 1891.
Graduate Association of $\Theta \Delta X$ of Western Pennsylvania, 1903.
Central Graduate Association, Chicago, 1900.
Kansas City Graduate Association of $\Theta \Delta X$, 1907.
Minnesota Association, 1900.
The $\Theta \Delta X$, Montreal, 1907.
Eastern Maine Association, 1907.
 $\Theta \Delta X$ Corporation of Rhode Island, 1908.
The Connecticut Association of $\Theta \Delta X$, 1908.
California Graduate Association of $\Theta \Delta X$, 1908.
Northwestern Graduate Association of $\Theta \Delta X$, Seattle, 1909.
The Boston Club of $\Theta X \Delta$, 1909.
Cleveland Alumni Association of $\Theta \Delta X$, 1909.



Kappa Sigma

ACTIVE CHAPTERS

Beta—University of Alabama, University, Ala.
Gamma—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.
Delta—Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.
Eta—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.
Theta—Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.
Iota—Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.
Zeta—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Kappa—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Lambda—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
Nu—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
Xi—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Pi—Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.
Sigma—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Tau—University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
Upsilon—Hamden-Sidney College, Hamden-Sidney, Va.
Phi—Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tenn.
Chi—Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.
Psi—University of Maine, Orono, Maine.
Omega—University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
Alpha Alpha—University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.
Alpha Beta—Mercer University, Macon, Ga.
Alpha Gamma—University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.
Alpha Delta—Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pa.
Alpha Epsilon—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
Alpha Zeta—University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Alpha Eta—George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
Alpha Kappa—Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
Alpha Lambda—University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
Alpha Mu—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Alpha Pi—Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind.
Alpha Rho—Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.
Alpha Tau—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
Alpha Sigma—Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
Alpha Upsilon—Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.
Alpha Phi—Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa.
Alpha Chi—Lake Forest University, Lake Forest, Ill.
Alpha Psi—University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
Alpha Omega—William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo.
Beta Alpha—Brown University, Providence, R. I.
Beta Beta—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
Beta Gamma—Missouri State University, Columbus, Mo.
Beta Delta—Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.
Beta Epsilon—University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
Beta Zeta—Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Stanford University, Cal.
Beta Eta—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
Beta Theta—University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind.
Beta Iota—Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa.
Beta Kappa—New Hampshire College, Durham, N. H.
Beta Nu—Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.
Beta Mu—University of Minneapolis, Minneapolis, Minn.
Beta Lambda—University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
Beta Xi—University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
Beta Omicron—University of Denver, University Park, Colo.
Beta Pi—Dickenson College, Carlisle, Pa.
Beta Rho—University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.
Beta Sigma—Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
Beta Tau—Baker University, Baldwin, Kan.
Beta Upsilon—North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College, Raleigh, N. C.
Beta Phi—Chase School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio.
Beta Chi—Missouri School of Mines, Rolla, Mo.
Beta Psi—University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.
Beta Omega—Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colo.
Gamma Alpha—University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.
Gamma Beta—University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.
Gamma Gamma—Colorado School of Mines, Golden, Colo.
Gamma Delta—Massachusetts State College, Amherst, Mass.
Gamma Epsilon—Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
Gamma Zeta—New York University, New York, N. Y.
Gamma Eta—Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
Gamma Theta—University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho.
Gamma Iota—Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
Gamma Kappa—University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.
Gamma Lambda—Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.
Gamma Mu—Washington State College, Pullman, Washington.
Gamma Nu—Washburn College, Topeka, Kan.



KAPPA SIGMA

Du Chapter of Kappa Sigma

University of Bologna, 1400.

University of Virginia, 1869.

COLORS: Scarlet, White, and Emerald Green.

FLOWER: Lily of the Valley.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

PRESIDENT LYON GARDINER TYLER, M. D., LL. D.

JOHN TYLER, M. A.

JAMES SOUTHALE WILSON, Ph. D.

GEORGE OSCAR FERGUSON, JR., B. A.

EDWARD LE BARON GOODWIN.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

JACK MARYE DAVIS

JAMES GLENN DRIVER

THOMAS HENLEY GEDDY, JR.

CHARLES HARDY BART, JR.

DANGERFIELD BLAIR SPENCER

ROBERT BRUCE JACKSON

WILLIAM BYRD LEE, JR.

WILLIAM HAYNE NEBLETT

HOWARD GREGORY SPENCER, JR.

GEORGE BENTLEY BYRD

THOMAS FENDALL WEST, JR.

LEVIN WINDER LANE

JAMES OTTO PARRAMORE

JAMES ROGER HILSMAN

RATHURST DANGERFIELD PEACHY, JR.

JOHN WISE KELLAM

FREDERICK DEANE GOODWIN

JOSEPH FARLAND HALL

FRATER IN URBE

ROBERT E. HENLEY

Alumni Chapters of Kappa Sigma

Boston, Massachusetts.
Buffalo, New York.
Ithaca, New York.
New York City, New York.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Scranton, Pennsylvania.
Schenectady, New York.
The Kappa Sigma Club of New York, New York.
Danville, Virginia.
Lynchburg, Virginia.
Newport News, Virginia.
Norfolk, Virginia.
Richmond, Virginia.
Washington, District of Columbia.
Concord, North Carolina.
Durham, North Carolina.
Kinston, North Carolina.
Wilmington, North Carolina.
Atlanta, Georgia.
Birmingham, Alabama.
Mobile, Alabama.
Montgomery, Alabama.
Savannah, Georgia.
Chattanooga, Tennessee.
Covington, Tennessee.
Jackson, Tennessee.
Memphis, Tennessee.
Nashville, Tennessee.
Cleveland, Ohio.
Columbus, Ohio.
Louisville, Kentucky.
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
Chicago, Illinois.
Danville, Illinois.
Indianapolis, Indiana.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Fort Smith, Arkansas.
Kansas City, Missouri.
Little Rock, Arkansas.
Pine Bluff, Arkansas.
St. Louis, Missouri.
Jackson, Mississippi.
New Orleans, Louisiana.
Ruston, Louisiana.
Texas, Arkansas.
Vicksburg, Mississippi.
Waco, Texas.
Yazoo City, Mississippi.
Denver, Colorado.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
San Francisco, California.
Los Angeles, California.
Portland, Oregon.
Seattle, Washington.



Sigma Phi Epsilon

(Founded at Richmond College, 1900)

CARTER G. JENKINS, GOLDSBORO, N. C. WILLIAM G. WALLACE, STUART'S DRAFT, VA.
BENJ. D. SHAW, STUART'S DRAFT, VA. THOMAS T. WRIGHT, RUTHER GLEN, VA.
W. HUGH CARTER, CHASE CITY, VA. WILLIAM L. PHILLIPS, NEWARK, N. J.

ACTIVE CHAPTERS

Alpha—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
West Virginia Beta—University of W. Va., Morgantown, W. Va.
Pennsylvania Beta—Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pennsylvania Gamma—University of Pittsburg, Pittsburg, Pa.
Illinois Alpha—College of Physicians and Surgeons, University of Illinois, Chicago, Ill.
Colorado Alpha—University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.
Pennsylvania Delta—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
Virginia Delta—College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va.
North Carolina Beta—N. Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Raleigh, N. C.
Ohio Alpha—Ohio Northern University, Ada, Ohio.
Indiana Alpha—Purdue University, West Lafayette, Ind.
New York Alpha—Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
Virginia Epsilon—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Virginia Zeta—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.
Georgia Alpha—School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
Delaware Alpha—Delaware College, Newark, N. J.
Virginia Eta—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Arkansas Alpha—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Pennsylvania Epsilon—Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa.
Virginia Theta—Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va.
Ohio Gamma—Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
Vermont Alpha—Norwich University, Northfield Vermont.
Alabama Alpha—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Birmingham, Ala.
Iowa Alpha—Iowa University, Iowa City, Iowa.
North Carolina Gamma—Trinity College, Durham, N. C.
New Hampshire Alpha—Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.
District of Columbia Alpha—George Washington University, Washington, D. C.



SIGMA PHI EPSILON

Virginia Delta Chapter of Sigma Phi Epsilon

COLORS: Purple and Red.
FLOWER: American Beauty.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

GEORGE PRINCE ARNOLD
JAMES DAWSON CLEMENTS
JOSEPH BROWNSON GALE
JAMES HOLT NEWSOME
HERBERT HATCHETT BLACKWELL
MILTON ARLINGTON FENTRESS
HOWARD BRUCE CROSWELL
RAYMOND TAYLOR GILLIAM
EMMETT CLEVELAND PITT

Alumni Chapters of Sigma Ibi Epsilon

Alpha—Richmond, Va.

Beta—Norfolk, Va.

Gamma—Philadelphia, Pa.

Delta—Chicago, Ill.

Epsilon—New York, N. Y.

Eta—Washington, D. C.

Theta—San Francisco, Cal.

Georgia Alpha—Atlanta, Ga.



Echo Election

Most eloquent speaker	Bell	West	Agee
Most popular man	Young	Driver	Roach
Most intellectual man	Young	Roach	Fletcher
Best business man	Tompkins	Lee	Roach
Best all-round college man	Driver	Roach	Young
Best football player	Driver	Barnard	Parramore
Best baseball player	Driver	Arnold	Harris, S. S.
Handsomest man	Manly	Christie	Willeox
Ideal professor	Wilson	Ritchie	Stubbs
Best poet	Goodwin, E. L. B.	Roach	West
Best prose writer	Jackson	Goodwin, E. L. B.	Peatross
Most eccentric man	Blackmore	Dold, D. M.	Hurt
Tammany leader	Hopkins	West	Davis, T. Y.
Most refined man	Peatross	Goodwin, E. D.	Roach
Awkwardest man	Somers	Deal	Brinkley
Biggest calico sport	Ransone	Newton	Harris, S. S.
Misogynist	Bloxton	Roach	Manly
The grind	Neblett	Snow	Davis, T. Y.
The greenest man	Somers	Brinkley	Hamlin
Biggest loafer	Davis, T. Y.	Harris, S. S.	Starnell
Busiest man	Blackmore	Tompkins	Roach
"It"	Hurt	Heaton	Jack Davis
Most reliable man	Roach	Healy	Young



BRETON PARISH CHURCH

Old Bruton

THE devastating hand of Time has touched Old Bruton but lightly. Here, for generations, the truest and the best of Virginia's sons and daughters have worshipped the Living God. The storms of many winters have passed over her, and the furious battles of two great wars have raged around her.

This Church is hallowed by many memories. Through its transepts have passed, colonial governors with their retinues, representing the power and majesty of Great Britain's kings; members of the Royal Council, and defenders of popular liberty.

Here the youth of Virginia dreamed dreams and saw visions which awakened within them the spirit of noble endeavor and high thinking. Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, John Tyler, James Madison, and Chief Justice John Marshall, while students in the College of William and Mary, and George Mason, the Randolphs, Benjamin Harrison, Patrick Henry, and George Washington, while members of the House of Burgesses, worshipped here.

In 1906, the Church was fully restored. Edward VII, King of England, through the Archbishop of Canterbury, presented the Holy Bible which is used in the services of the Church. This Bible rests upon a lectern which was given to Old Bruton by Theodore Roosevelt, Ex-President of the United States. The communion service which was presented to the parish by George III of England is used on every communion Sunday; that which was the property of the Church in Jamestown, before the destruction of that building, is used upon Easter Sunday and other high feast days.

Many of the students of to-day like those of yesterday pass within the sacred walls of this venerable Temple of Peace and bow in humble and submissive supplication to the Lord of lords and King of kings. They sit as those of ye olden time, listening to the law of the Lord of Glory, and to the message of Liberty through the redemptory Grace of the lowly Nazarene.

Y. M. C. A.

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OFFICERS FROM FEBRUARY, 1910-1911

WILLIAM BYRD LEE, JR., PRESIDENT

ALVIN L. THOMS, VICE-PRESIDENT

GEORGE P. ARNOLD, SECRETARY

FRANK E. GRAVES, TREASURER

C. BARNWELL, CHAIRMAN BIBLE COMMITTEE

A. R. KOONTZ, CHAIRMAN MISSION COMMITTEE

H. E. TRIMBLE, CHAIRMAN MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

C. C. BELL, CHAIRMAN DELEGATION COMMITTEE

J. R. McALLISTER, CHAIRMAN HALL COMMITTEE

A. S. FORREST, CHAIRMAN MUSIC COMMITTEE

Faculty Representative and Advisory Professor to Bible Department—Dr. Chas. E. Bishop.

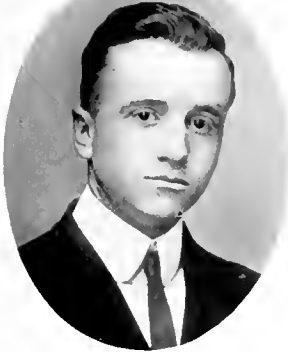
Advisory Professor to Mission Department—Prof. Wm. H. Koehle.



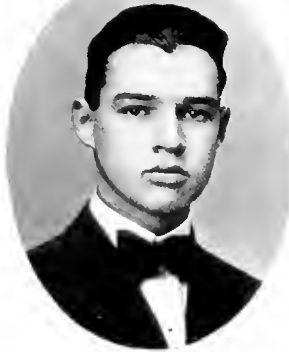
W. B. LEE, JR.



A. L. THOMS



G. P. ARNOLD



C. BARNWELL



F. E. GRAVES



A. R. KOONTZ



H. E. TRIMBLE

Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS

Y. M. C. A. Notes

THE Y. M. C. A. at William and Mary occupies a very unique position. At some of the colleges and universities, it is a great hardship on a student to be a member of this organization, as the majority of professors and students work against its best interests and by their influence drag it down. At still other institutions, the professors take such a prominent part in the Y. M. C. A. that the boys regard it as a faculty institution rather than an organization for the uplift of the student body. At William and Mary we strike a happy medium: the professors are always willing to lend their aid when called on, yet never push themselves on the organization in a way that would cause the students to regard it in the light of a faculty institution.

The history of this organization begins with a few of the faithful who gathered regularly in the chapel for services until a generous friend provided a suitable room outside. Later on, a room was given us under the Ewell dormitory, which room we occupied until the new Gymnasium building was completed. We now have a well-fitted hall in that building.

The present session has been our banner year. We have a larger membership this year than ever before. Out of a student body of about two hundred and thirty-five, we have one hundred and sixty-five members. We are proud to say that the weekly meetings are especially well attended, and great interest is manifested among the boys. The Bible department is probably the greatest feature of the work. Several groups meet weekly in the dormitories and study various parts of the Scripture. There has been a decided advance in the mission department this year. The Association sent Messrs. R. C. Young, E. L. Snipes, and A. R. Koontz to the Student Volunteer Convention for Foreign Missions, which met in Rochester, N. Y., during the Christmas holidays. These men returned with a great message, and we feel confident that it will be for our lasting good.

During the present session, Dr. Joseph Rennie, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Norfolk, Va., spent a week with us and delivered forceful sermons each night in the College Chapel. By the number of students out, the interest manifested, and the strength of the sermons, we feel assured that this was one of the most advantageous weeks in the history of the Association. The week of prayer was observed, and proved a wonderful agent for good among

the boys. We were much encouraged to see so many boys attending the little gatherings held throughout the College.

Our success has been great, yet we feel that it could be made greater, if all of our boys would unite with us in our efforts to raise the moral, mental, and spiritual standard at our College. We trust that the students will support our Association in its effort to send several delegates to the Southern Students' Conference to be held at Asheville, N. C., this summer. The purpose of this conference is to train leaders for the Y. M. C. A., so we trust that we may be able to send some of our best men in order to have good leaders for the coming year.

The effort of the Y. M. C. A. is to develop mind, body and spirit. With this in view, the Association has always taken a lively interest in athletics, classwork, and church organizations. Four of the football team have been earnest workers in our Association. The captain of next year's team has been elected president of the Association, and many of our members take prominent parts in all forms of athletics. In classwork, our most active members are among the leaders.

In addition to the excellent services rendered us by Dr. Rennie, we have had with us this year Mr. W. E. Willis, International Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., who rendered us great service at the beginning of the session, and Mr. M. W. Lee, Student Secretary for Virginia, who, by his frequent visits, has infused new life into the Association's work.

Before closing our article, we desire to extend to the faculty and ministers of the town our heartfelt thanks both for the interest they have taken in our work, and the excellent services they have rendered. Every Tuesday night some of the ministers of town or the members of the faculty come to our hall and give us interesting and instructive talks on those subjects which tend to the development of the student.

My Rose Leaf

'Tis only a faded roseleaf—
As I turn the pages o'er—
Which brings before my vision
The days which are no more;
And oh, if I could place it
Upon its withered stem,
Forget the hand which broke it,
The eyes now cold and dim!

But oh, the rose still lingers
Beneath the faded leaf!
I would that I could feel no more
The wounded heart, and grief
Which lingers in my fancy
As the leaves I once more turn,
Yet, oh, see that angel form
For which my heart doth yearn!

The years are fading, fading,
As the days appear and go,
And the clouds hang heavy about me
While the soft winds sadly blow,
And the heavy seas roll inward
With each returning tide,
But oh, I can never forget the Rose
Which wandered by my side!

'Tis only a faded roseleaf—
As I turn the pages white—
'Tis only the recollections
That come in the hours of night,
And e'en the stars seem rosy
As I search the starry sky,
For oh, I know my only Rose
Awaits for me on high.

Farewell, dear Rose, the leaflet
Still shall grace the pages there,
And I shall oft' repeat your name
In the holy hour of prayer;
Not that I wish to pray for *you*,
For oh, too well I know
That you're the purest Rose of all
Where the angels come and go.

IVAN SCOTT HOZIER.

College Dictionary

- Hookworm—An element which comprises three of the four component parts of the "Due" Class.
- Institutis—A local disease which first appeared in 1908, and which has since become so prevalent as to interfere very seriously with the work of the College.
- Northern Lights—A candlestick under a bushel.
- Brallerton—A terra incognita. The Tartarus of the ancient Greeks, inhabited by a strange race supposed to be half goat from their tendency to "buck."
- Professor—One who professes to be your friend and stabs you with a blue pencil on examination.
- Palm Café—The lode-stone for superfluous coin.
- Taliaferro—College incubator.
- Parallel—A remnant of the mediæval inquisition, used to extort perspiration and cuss words from history students.
- Flunk—A verb; transitive and intransitive. Trans-actively, it implies a tendency to go way back and sit down or to dig a hole, crawl in and to pull the hole in after you.
- Degree—An animal, highly prized because of its rarity. It is protected from capture by an almost impenetrable armor of Anglo-Saxon.
- Knocker—A fabulous animal, with the brains of a mushroom, the heart of a flea, and the feet and legs of a mule.
- Senior—A stooped, gray-haired, withered creature; a victim of Baskerville, Anglo-Saxon, and History V.
- Grind—One who allows his studies to interfere with his education.
- Calico Sport—Derived from the Latin "Calicodum," meaning heaven-dweller. This expensive and much-dreaded disease is contracted through repeated lectures on "Romeo and Juliet."
- Stude—Commonly confounded with the past participle "stewed." A stude is one addicted to burning the midnight oil, whereas the "stewed" frequently allows the midnight oil to burn him.
- Faculty Lecture—A hair-splitting contest, usually consisting of a very long introduction by Dr. Tyler, a very short speech by the lecturer, and the latest grab joke by Dr. Bishop.
- P. P.—An abbreviation used to denote successful bluffing, easy examinations, or eight-hour rides on a pony.
- Study Hall—Last part spelt with either a or e. A basket used to gather up the fragments of last night's german.
- College Maid—Father's sweetheart and mine.
- Boarding House—The geographical habitat of the fire-proof pie, the passé chicken, the incandescent biscuit, and the perpetrator of ancient jokes.
- Brunton Church—A collection of comfortable seats upon which to rest while reading the pink section of the *Sunday Times Dispatch*.
- Athletic Manager—One who works his way through college sequence of tenses—Basket-ball game, dancing school, Palm Café for two.
- Staff of Life—Molasses.
- Home Run—An exit (by request) from college roll, usually performed with more haste than accuracy.
- Woman's Home Companion—"Booze" Ransome.
- Comedy of Errors—Jack Davis.
- Doctor—A term of flattery applied to instructors and sub professors with an eye to a P. P.
- Water—The special aversion of many Taliaferro "Dues."
- Check—A written guarantee of one's abilities to invent necessities.
- Dough—A term applied to that commodity which is most *kneaded* in college circles.
- College Quartette—An instrument used to reproduce the cries of lost souls.
- Library—A hiding place for lecture cutters.
- Psychology Experiment—A method of developing self-control and enriching the vocabulary of the experimenter.
- Angel—A term ironically applied to the author of a Chinese puzzle published under the nom de plume of "Psychology."
- Vest Pocket Edition of Pedagogy—C. G. Richardson.
- College Radiator—Synonymous with refrigerator.

Sic Semper Tyrannis

(An Allegory)

HER robes were black as midnight. Her eyes were black, and her hair, too; only on it was the sheen of many colors, like the sheen on the wings of a raven. But her skin was fair, even white, save where the blue tint of the blood showed, like the streaking on alabaster. On her cheek was the blush of the early morning rose. Her lips were red, like streaks of red from a hero's heart; and when she breathed her breast moved slowly, very slowly, like the waving of wheat in a gentle wind. Her long, tapering arms she held above her head, and the sleeves of her black robe fell away from her fair, tapering arms. In her hands, which were above her head, she held a sphere of pure crystal. If one could have looked into the sphere, one might have seen the things of the to-morrow, which had not yet happened. In the coils of the jet-black hair were woven forget-me-nots, while the odor of lavender hung about the folds of her robes, like the fragrance of old stories. Also tears fell from the blackness of her eyes, like pure drops of spring water which flow from the black depths of the Earth. But the tears, falling, sank into the ground, and so availed nothing. Thus the woman stood. And at her feet was a scroll, on which was writ, "*Dulce est memoria tenere.*"

While the woman in black was standing thus, with the pearly tears still falling on the ground, there came up to her a young maid. Her robes of white were like a melting mist. She was strong, and young; her skin was not pallid, like snow, but tanned by the amorous kiss of the sun. The face was beautiful beyond compare, with the blush of the red blood in her cheeks. Her hair flowed over the broadness of her shoulders like water flowing over the marble lip of an exceedingly beautiful fountain. And, as the warm breath came from her red mouth, her shoulder and her breast moved quickly. Her arms were strong and full, and on the hem of her thin, white robe was brodered, "*Carpe Diem.*"

Then the maid did lay her strong hands on the woman who stood weeping. And she threw the woman to the ground; and the sphere, which was a dream, she brake. 'Twas then she put her foot on the breast of the fallen woman, and laughed. And in the laugh, and in the cry that came after the laugh, there was hope. So all men came to her.

Then the sun of a new day rose out of the ocean, and touched the peaks of the mountain which lie beyond the Blue Ridge.

JOKES

GRINDS



Jokes and Grinds

There is a tradition to the effect that in the year 1796 "Due" Marrow, for the first time imbibing milk through the means of a bottle, cried out, "Mama, this doesn't taste like *Blue Ribbon*!"

Photographer (taking Schenck's picture)- "Mr. Schenck, lay down your hand."

Mr. Schenck- "Why, sir? Do you call me?"

Professor Bloxton (in class)- "Mr. Marrow, what is the plural of die?"

Mr. Marrow—"Oh- er- ah, I'm not familiar with them, sir."

Neale—"Mac, at what time was Julius Caesar president of the United States?"

McAllister—"You mutt, don't you know Caesar was King of England in Shakespeare's time?"

T. Y. Davis—"Hey, Sel, where are you going?"

Sel—"Oh, I'm going home and 'study.'"

T. Y. Davis—"Aw, don't take that name in vain."

President Tyler (to his son)- "John, what are you doing?"

John—"Papa, I am trying to find the cosine of an angle formed by connecting Dr. Cook at the north pole with a point two *feet* from the equator."

President Tyler- "John, two *feet* is a long distance."

McGuffin—"Mr. Goodwin said to-day that he never did enjoy taking a Turkish bath."

Prillman—"When did he go to Europe?"

"Due"—"They are going to have a German in the Gym to-night."

McGuffin—"What's his name?"

Landlady—"Mr. Jackson, did you break that mirror?"

Mr. Jackson- "No; it broke just as I entered the door."

At a meeting of the Philomathean Literary Society the audience was disturbed by a very new "Due" yelling—"Young! Young! Young! Let's hear from Young." Finally Mr. R. C. Young rose from his seat, at which the "Due" exclaimed—"Is that Young? Why, that's the man who told me to yell for Young."

"Dne" Somers arriving at College, went over to the president's office to get his card. Seeing the family parrot on the porch, he ventured to stroke its head, whereupon the parrot exclaimed angrily, "Helloooo there! What in the He--ails you?" Somers shied off like a frightened donkey, saying in an apologetic tone, "Excuse me, sir, I thought you were a bird."

On Jamestown day Hamilton decided to walk to Jamestown. After several miles he met a stranger and inquired of him the distance to the island.

"Two miles," said the man. After much walking, another stranger was encountered and our friend made the same inquiry. "It's a good two miles," said the stranger. After walking what seemed to him several leagues, Hamilton questioned a third gentleman concerning the distance to Jamestown and obtained the answer, "About two miles."

"Well," sighed Hamilton, "thank God, I am holding my own."

"This morning quite dead, Tom was found in bed,
Although he was hearty last night;
'Tis thought having seen Mr. Howe in a dream
The poor fellow died of affright."

Jones— "Say, Smith, have you enough confidence in me to lend me five dollars?"

Smith— "I have the confidence all right, but I haven't the five dollars."

TO PARSON ROACH
"I have lost my portmanteau!"
I pity your grief.
"It contained my sermons."
I pity the thief.

At the football game in Newport News, the team was allowed to drink tea, but not coffee. Mr. Hurt, manager, coming in late sauntered up to the table in his jauntiest manner and seated himself. Suddenly and loudly he called, "Here, waiter, I'm not on the pledge. Take this tea away and bring me coffee." The waiter bent over and said in a stage whisper— "Boss, dat ain't tea, dat's consommé."

Hurt (at Richmond College game)— "Say, Jack, help me count these tickets."

Jackson— "Can't now. I've got to run an errand for Elmo. He wants a cream puff."

Dr. Hall—“Mr. Hall, what was Olympus?”

Mr. Hall—“The home of the gods, sir.”

Mr. Trimble—“Say, Doctor, isn’t that the place the ark ran aground?”

Dr. Tyler, who is known for his concentration of mind, walked into his bedroom one night preoccupied with the weighty problems incident to running William and Mary, and heard a noise under the bed. “Who is that under my bed?” asked the Doctor. “Nobody,” came the reply from beneath. “Well, that’s strange,” said the president, “I was sure I heard a noise under there.”

Mr. Hynson (pointing to a mat containing a picture)—“Jackson, I did that this morning.”

Jackson—“The picture was drawn by Fisher, wasn’t it, Read?”

Hynson—“Yes.”

Noblett—“That fellow Fisher is a “Due,” isn’t he?”

ON A STONE THROWN AT MR. H. H. FLETCHER

“Talk of the lucky escape of the head
From a flint so unluckily thrown.
I think very different with thousands, indeed,
’Twas a lucky escape for the stone.”

Mr. T. Y. Davis, standing in Palm Café. Newly arrived “Due”—“Say, Mister, does it make any difference which street I take to go to the College?”

Davis—“Not to me.”

“Judge” Parker—“Dr. Keeble, here is a perpetual motion machine I’ve been working on.”

Dr. Keeble—“Um, um! It looks plausible, but—er—what are you going to do about the gravity?”

Parker—“Tell with the gravity, we’ll use plenty of grease.”

“Parson” Roach is still practical. The other day in teaching a class of one at W. F. I. he explained potential energy thusly, “Miss—, you would feel a great difference if a child would strike you and a man would strike you?” No response. “Well, if a child would put his arms around you and then a man put his arms around, could you tell the difference?” “Why—er—I don’t know.” Roach—“? ! ? —?”

Byrd saying good bye at 10:30 p.m. Shrill voice from upstairs, "Say, I don't forget to bring the bird up."

"Said the little brown rooster to the little red hen,
I wish Tom Davis was a vegetarian."

Doctor Wilson "Mr. Harrison, what is meant by the millennium?"

Harrison "It's about the same as a centipede, Doctor, only it has more legs."

Mr. Howe "Doctor Montgomery, what is this you've written on my exercise?"

Doctor Montgomery "Let's see, ah -- er -- oh, that's 'write more legibly,' Howe."

Mr. Lee "Professor, it's great to have holiday this February 22nd."

Professor Ferguson "Ya-a-a-s, I wish another Robt. E. Lee had been born about this time."



“Fleur-de-Lis”

NOWHERE do flowers bloom more sweetly than in old Louisiana, there where the great Mississippi is continually trying the strength of man and nature, and at times presenting such a formidable torrent as only man's greatest achievements dare to stem. Agreeable to expectation, I found that this clime was conducive to the cultivating of magnificently planned and well-kept flower gardens.

“Miz Vanells, she jes’ fa’lly worships dem flowe’s, dey jes’ look-a me like, Boss, as if dey was jes’ a-hungerin’ and a-thirstin’ for Miss Jean to come back, kaze she has done been away fo’ so long a time, and I reckon dem biggest lilies will be mighty glad to see her, kaze she jes’ seem ter be one of ‘em ‘most.” Old Mose, my driver, was increasing my knowledge of the Southland, the realm of flowers, and for some time I sat mute and entranced with the scene.

Seems to be one of them! The old darky’s way of putting it took my fancy, while that panorama of fragrance and flower delighted my aesthetic sense and took my eye—it was indeed a place of “sweet peace, the gift of God’s love.”

There was no haughtiness in all that attractive affront of blossom; but the tuberoso blossomed there, beds of lily of the valley on either side of the gravel walks bespoke the pureness of their virginity, pale clematis, exquisite spiritual and tender, was abundant; but to crown that rich scene stood the great, tall, silent, mysterious, yet, perfect lily, robed in priceless attire, waiting, yes, waiting for—for—her. Truly, “even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”

I asked Uncle Mose no questions about the owner of the garden. “By their fruits ye shall know them.” Was not the scene before me enough? Could the owner of such a charming paradise of flowers be anything other than bewitchingly beautiful? Could she be anything other than fair, lovely, kind; yes, tender, as almost all Southern women are? What characteristics other than these could have manifested such a delicate taste in growing flowers, those precious jewels that sweeten life? If this be not true, how could she be like them?

The fact that I was establishing myself in quarters of my own not far away, which I had recently purchased for a health resort—for my physician had told me that I must come South—did not dim the mental image of that

scene. I had only been in my quarters a few days when I learned that Jean Vanella, and, as I supposed, her mother—to whom I had a letter of introduction—were at home.

It seemed to me that three days were sufficient rest from any kind of a trip, and after allowing this much time, I rode straight to the scene that had so mysteriously entranced me a few days before, dismounted at the gate, and started hurriedly up the walk.

It was just at sunset, the shafted streamers of Phœbus' chariot seemed edged in imagery of gold, and in that imagery, pale, yellow, yet visible, stood the outlines of the lilies, whose fantastic gambols with the wind stamped mystic shadows upon the green grass beneath, now changed to hues of gold. And down the piazza steps came the owner of the garden, with nothing but the feathery vines to protect her from the dew, which even now was beginning to fall.

This could not be she! What? This proud being whose mien was almost unendurable!

Her face was splendidly formed, and exceedingly beautiful in its every outline; but it bore a bold expression of high disdain. Her eyes met mine without the slightest uneasiness, and her steadfast gaze would fain ignore me unless I made hasty explanation of my presence. Under such conditions, I could do nothing more than to bow.

"I have a letter of introduction to Mrs. Vanella; may I have the pleasure of presenting it in person?" and, with as graceful manner as I knew how, I extended to her the bit of paper which I held in my hand.

Flashes of anger, pain, contempt, and bitter indignation passed successively over her youthful countenance. There was a sparkle in the eye, bespeaking immediate action, but when she spoke her voice was cold and self-possessed:

"Mrs. Vanella has gone to Asheville for her health; my aunt lives with me."

"Then perhaps her daughter might read it, if she is at home."

With a glance from under her heavy, dark brown eyelashes, she gave me a look that discouraged my hope of having the letter read, but with that same cold firmness she replied:

"I am Jean Vanella, and if you insist I will read your letter, but you might as well be scourging the waves of the Mississippi yonder for all the good that it will do. I am not a participant in society. My neighbors will tell you that. They are all Northernized enough to say that I am unfit for society."

The figure, retracing its steps, was retreating. On the steps of the piazza I found a seat, and she, ignoring my presence, began to read the letter.

Being mutually lost to each other, I could not get myself away from that "Northernizing" process of which she spoke, and from the tenor of her description, it contained no good. Just here I remembered that my grandfather's father came directly from England to Brooklyn, and this was not calculated to help me get rid of the thought, since my blood was wholly Northern. "But what care we now? There is no more North and South, but glorious America," thought I.

"You are Kyle Garrison?" she asked, with a defiant look from under those heavy eyelashes.

"Yes."

"And your father was the agitator Garrison?"

"Call him the martyr Garrison," I ventured.

"So you came into possession of this," and she shook the letter vehemently in my face, "through a former acquaintance of my people—we do not call him friend—who, after our cause was lost, went North, and like a belabored coward that he was!—cast his lot with you."

"What could he do down here?" I ventured. "Everything was destroyed, the young man was without hope, and so he took the chance of hope against hope and has won."

"And do you," rising with a look of bitter indignation, "mean to bring a letter to a Southern lady from a vagabond like that? I could tear this piece of paper to bits."

"I know nothing wrong of him. He is respected, and has the confidence of all who know him." And without waiting for a reply I tried to get down the steps with as much dignity as possible, and move quietly towards the gate. Just as quietly, and with just as much dignity did she stand, holding the letter in her hand and watching my retreat.

I walked slowly between those beautiful flowers, and on either side they seemed to make me forget myself and think only of my dreams concerning the owner of them, and for some reason—I know not what, nor why, nor how, for idle fancy I suppose—I paused, and turning to her said:

"You little know of the foolish dreams that I have had of you and these flowers, and the mental images I have formed, the central figure of which was yourself in this bit of dreamland here. I even imagined you a sister to these lilies here. Will you not give me one of them? I shall never disturb your blessed peace with my presence again."

I could not tell why I asked such a question. There were thousands of visions, and beautiful stories of fairies and goddesses whirling in my brain,

but none to compare to this reality, and the desire to obtain one of these flowers from her hand was my highest ambition. I quite forgot all her bitter words, and was gazing into the twilight with thoughts of her loveliness having possession of my thinking power.

"What—you! a Yankee!—a carpet-bagger—ask me for one of my lilies?"

"There is nothing more of that! Those terms are no longer used," I protested, "we no longer treat each other so."

"What—we?"

"I mean there is no North or South any longer. Suppose an armed force were to be to-night marching against Brooklyn. I dare say that your chivalric womanhood would make you cry out, 'Down with them.'"

"There will be no such uprisings. Day after to-morrow is Easter Sunday. It was on Easter Sunday, 1864, that my father died from a wound gotten at the battle of Gettysburg, in your own Northland. The war cost him his life, and lost me a devoted father. I am his daughter still, call it sentiment or what you will. He lies on that hill yonder, and those flowers are for his grave, and before you should pollute one of them, I would crush them under my feet."

I looked towards her feet, and for some cause I could not help but say, "Not with those feet, they are too small for such a task. Good day."

With this I took my leave, and for what took place afterwards, I am indebted to Uncle Mose. He tells me that she called to him to ask about the river, which seemed to be threatening to break through an old leak in the levee on account of recent rains along its basin, and at the same time was tearing my letter into fine pieces.

"How is that river, Mose?"

"Dat ribber am still risin', Miss's. Dem good fo' nothin' white trash nebber ha'f fix dat ole break in de levee. It make me considerable nervous, Miss's, kaze de sun am done been drawin' water agin dis ebenin'."

"Yes; we will see to it to-morrow, Mose," and she was gone.

"Yaas, ma'm," and old Mose loafed among the flowers grumbling, "Yaas, but de Good Book do say dat no man knoweth wat a day may bring fo'th, so who gwine to say what will be ter-morrow. Ise jes' gwine to put dis here box down ober dese lilies, so dat if it do come a cloud-burst to-night, dey won't git ruined in de squall."

What happened that night, only those who experienced it can best tell. The lowering clouds poured the rain in torrents, so that the mighty river would no longer stay within its prison pent, but sought freedom of action, burst the levee, and rapidly overflowed the plains below.

The next morning, the four occupants of the house, Miss Jean, her aunt, and two negro servants, including Mose, looked out upon the dawn of a new day, to behold a sight that was one of the saddest that ever met the gaze of mortals; it was sad and sorrowful. Only the lilies that had been cared for by Uncle Mose were unharmed—the rest of that mystic garden was in ruins, and the splash of the muddy waters below was becoming more and more distinct, so rapid was their approach that it could almost be seen.

Jean's calm voice tried to comfort, saying, "It will not come higher," but her hope was lost when, a few moments later, a visible advance was noticed.

The negroes, particularly old Mose, were screaming and praying, and the aunt was following suit. Mose was well aware of the fact that, without immediate help, they would soon be in the peril of their lives.

Jean, while somewhat excited, of course, took things quietly, since she had nothing better to do. During this time, though, old Mose, in his eagerness to save something, had lifted the box from over the unharmed lilies and had carried them into the house, with which Jean was now amusing herself by arranging them in a beautiful birthday vase of hers.

Suddenly, Uncle Mose called out, "Lordy, Miss Jean, can you pray! We is gwine ter be drowned sho', and jes' think of being fished up outen de bottom of dat ribber, we might be took up down in the Gulf of Mexico."

"No," replied Jean, and she leaned against the stand on which her lilies were placed.

Just then Uncle Mose's head went into the air with such a sudden jump that one would have thought that he had had an attack of heart trouble, but he cried out, "Dar am somethin' a-comin' up de ribber. We are sated, yes, sated, by jove!"

"We should not be missed, if we were lost, Mose," said Jean.

I fastened my boat to the garden fence, and they all came out to meet me. I merely tipped my hat, and proceeded to get them with some of their belongings into the boat. Scarcely had I gotten them safely within the boat, before a large wave tossed our boat, sending a huge wave crested with tawny foam splashing through the house.

Thirty minutes later we had reached land, and on the bank we found others who were in our own condition.

"Yonder is Brother Brown, the Methodist preacher," I said to my companions, "I will have him take care of you while I cross this newly made river again."

"Oh, boss, don't you try dat any mor'. You will be drowned sho'," cried Mose. The aunt was protesting, and trying to tell me that my life would be in danger, and of how many obligations they were under to me, when she turned upon Jean with, "Jean, thank the man. Are you crazy? He has saved our lives." Brother Brown also advised against trying to cross any more, when Jean added, "We are obliged to you."

"Oh, no, the house might have stood. It is always safe to be on the right side, is the only consideration. You will take care of the ladies, will you not, Brother Brown?"

As I pushed off I heard the preacher say, "That boy is a good neighbor, but he is crazy to try to cross that river again; why didn't you keep him, Miss Jean?"

"Oh! if he drowns, it will just be a Yankee loss."

"You are indeed grateful," and they were gone.

With nothing in my mind but the picture of those lilies in the hall of the Vanella home I rowed for dear life. I made it just in time and succeeded in getting the flowers and getting back to shore. I then walked to the preacher's home and found him walking up and down the piazza watching for me.

"I know that you had a narrow escape," he said. "Ah! those are what you were after. Well, you were plucky, I must say, and I shall tell her so." I did not heed the remark but simply handed him the bunch of lilies with this request:

"Will you please hand these to Miss Jean, she needs them for to-morrow?"

That night I did not rest well, for I could think of misfortunes and disasters until I was almost crazy. I was out bright and early next morning, and a prettier Easter I have never seen.

When the glorious sun was warming up the repose of nature's sleep, I stole out in Brother Brown's well-kept garden, and seated myself in a swing. I was lost in reverie, almost before I knew it, when some one called to me.

"Who could it be?" I turned, and standing beside me was the owner of the garden of my dreams, and with a childish smile, the very expression of which embodied all the glory of that fantastic flower garden, she was handing me her finest lily.

"All this for me?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, I want you to keep that one for me, and to-day is Easter also, and I want you to come and help me to put the others on—on—his grave."

I needed not a second bidding, and my Easter Lily still lives.

THE FIGHT



Athletics

OWING to the united efforts of the faculty and student body, athletics at William and Mary are now on a firmer basis than ever before. Within the last year, the Athletic Association has been reorganized, a fine athletic field has been fixed, a grandstand built, and many other improvements too numerous to mention.

We look back with pleasure upon the football season which has just passed. Although William and Mary did not win the championship in football, she put out a team which the husky cadets from Virginia Military Institute were only able to win from by the small score of 6 to 0; a team that went to Richmond and outplayed the heavier team of Richmond College by the score of 15 to 0. This victory came as a great surprise to all of the football enthusiasts, as Richmond had just won from Hampden-Sidney by the score of 6 to 0, and Hampden-Sidney had beaten us only two weeks before by the score of 23 to 3.

Yet this sturdy band of gridiron warriors did not stop here; they marched to Newport News on Thanksgiving Day, and there, in full view of over two thousand spectators, wreaked vengeance upon the lads from Hampden-Sidney.

Owing to the loss of the best players, the basket-ball team has not been as successful as in past years; yet it compares favorably with the other teams in the State, having lost only to Virginia and Randolph-Macon; to the former by the score of 36 to 18 and to the latter to the close score of 19 to 17.

Basket-ball is fast coming to be recognized as one of the best of college sports. During the past few years this game has been introduced into the best colleges all over the South; and we are glad to report that William and Mary, in this, as in other phases of athletics, has taken a prominent part. Out of the six years that William and Mary has had a basket-ball team, she has held the championship of Virginia three seasons, and only lost the championship to the University of Virginia last season by the close score of 30 to 28.

Long before this article reaches the public, the baseball season for the session of 1909-'10 will have passed into history. The baseball season has not opened yet, therefore we are unable to say exactly what our success will be; but, from the present indications, it looks as though William and Mary should put in a strong bid for first place in the Eastern Division of the Virginia Athletic Association. There are four of last year's team in College and much good material among the Freshman and Sophomore classes.



Athletic Department

MEMBERS

C. C. BELL	PRESIDENT
W. L. HOPKINS	VICE-PRESIDENT
H. F. TOMPKINS	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
F. M. CRAWFORD	PHYSICAL DIRECTOR
PROF. W. H. KEEBLE	FACULTY REPRESENTATIVE
J. G. DRIVER	REPRESENTATIVE OF STUDENT BODY

FOOTBALL DEPARTMENT

J. M. HURT, Jr.	MANAGER
R. B. JACKSON	ASSISTANT MANAGER
G. E. O'HEARN	COACH

BASEBALL DEPARTMENT

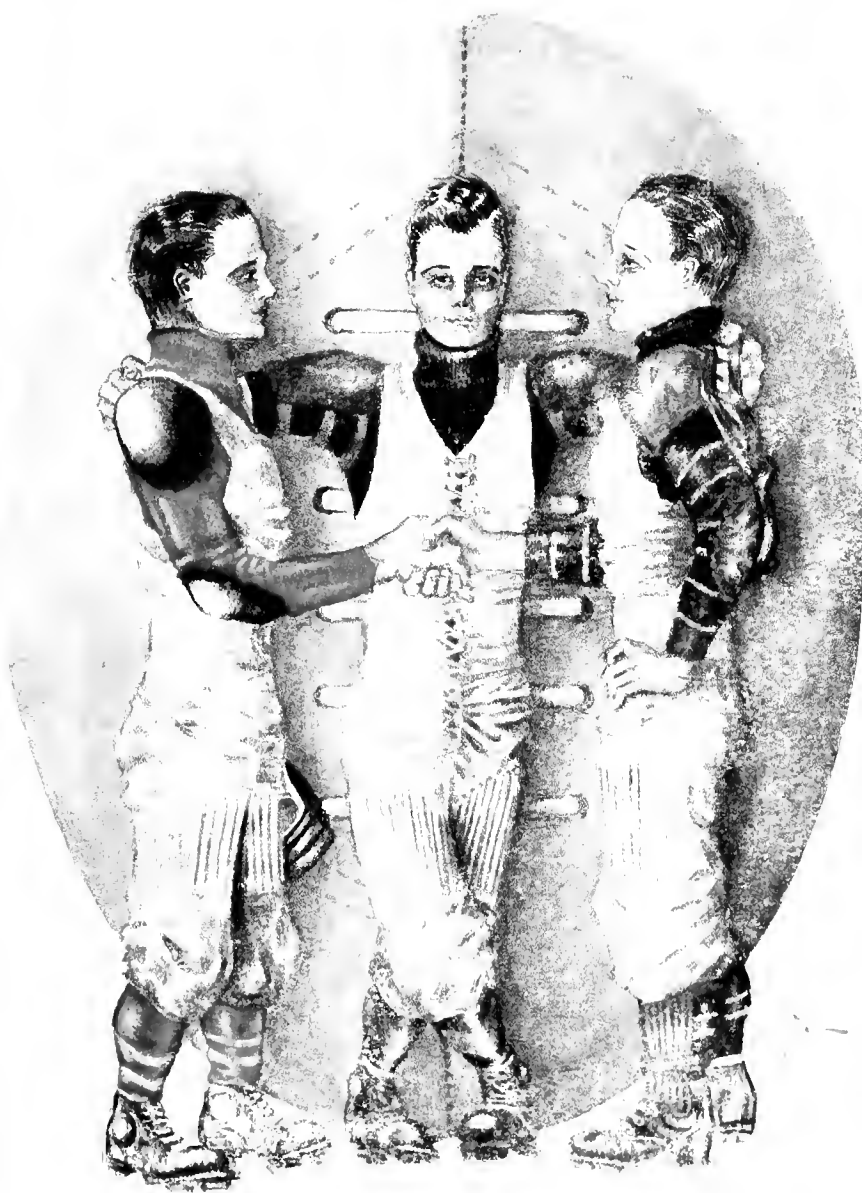
T. E. GRAVES	MANAGER
W. H. DEIERHOFF	ASSISTANT MANAGER
G. E. O'HEARN	COACH

BASKET-BALL DEPARTMENT

E. L. B. GOODWIN	MANAGER
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TRACK TEAM

W. E. DOLD, Jr.	MANAGER
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A Letter from Miss Fluffy Bangs

TO HER FRIEND, MISS MYRTLE FLIRT, GIVING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE FOOTBALL
GAME AT NEWPORT NEWS BETWEEN WILLIAM AND MARY AND HAMPDEN-
SIDNEY, ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

WENO, VA., November 26, 1909.

OH, YOU MYRTLE: Were you there? No? Well, all good William and Mary "men" should have been, for it was a sight to rest their eyes. "He laughs best who laughs last," and we have a way of sniting the word to the deed with Hampden-Sidney, for this is the second time that we have, when both shoulders were apparently on the ground, turned them over and got the fall. We were all there, and then some. Of course, everybody in Williamsburg sauntered down and sat on the West Stand, that is, when it was quiet enough for them to sit—but Driver and Schenck and Barnard, to say nothing of the whole eleven bully boys, would not let any one sit still. They saw to it that there was something doing every minute of the afternoon. I was escorted to the field by Hopkins and Roane, and, in the words of Homer, or Milton, or Chaucer, or perhaps Dr. Mary Walter, "I could be very happy with either fair charmer were 'tother fair charmer away." I can't decide, Myrtle, girl, and it worries me much.

But, to the game. In the beginning we chose the side the wind was on—that is, Driver did—I use the patriotic "we"; and we (again), "*ita uti supra demonstravimus*," received the kick off. Then we hammered away, and really made some progress. After awhile they turned the tables, and they shoved us back on our one or two or three-yard line, and tried to do things, but we stood—well, you know what General Bee said—and then we went down the alley for a touchdown. Driver was there with the goods. Barnard kicked a goal, and then we went for the war dance around the field under the leadership of Jim Christian.

Between the halves they took the players down the field to a quiet nook and fed them on dynamite, horse powders, and tabasco sauce, and, while we paraded, the fellows rested.

In the second half we got 'em going once more, and here is the legend: Hampden-Sidney came right up under the shadow of our goal, and it looked like a tie to me; but we held them again, and when we got the ball, Barnard—bless his pudgy little soul—kicked partially out of danger, but not quite. Then the opposition dropped back for a place kick, and Lee—not Robert E., but a good soldier just the same—got there first, and what he did for the kick was A. P. Well, when the enemy woke up, Schenck was two stations ahead, and not backing by a long shot. He made a beautiful run of about two miles for a touchdown, and Barnard again h'isted the pig-skin (isn't that sporty?) over for a goal. So it was 12 to 0. Just then it looked like taking money from children, and when five minutes later Barnard's mighty tee again got busy and kicked a field goal, why we were sorry we had not spotted them six balls to start with. Many things happened along here. "Doc" Marrow fell on the ball once, and bounced several feet in the air. Everybody was doing beautifully. Then we got careless and let Hampden-Sidney get a touchdown, but they could not kick goal; and a few minutes later they kicked a goal from the field, and the scoring was over, 15 to 8. Not so bad, as they had trimmed us to the Queen's taste three weeks before.

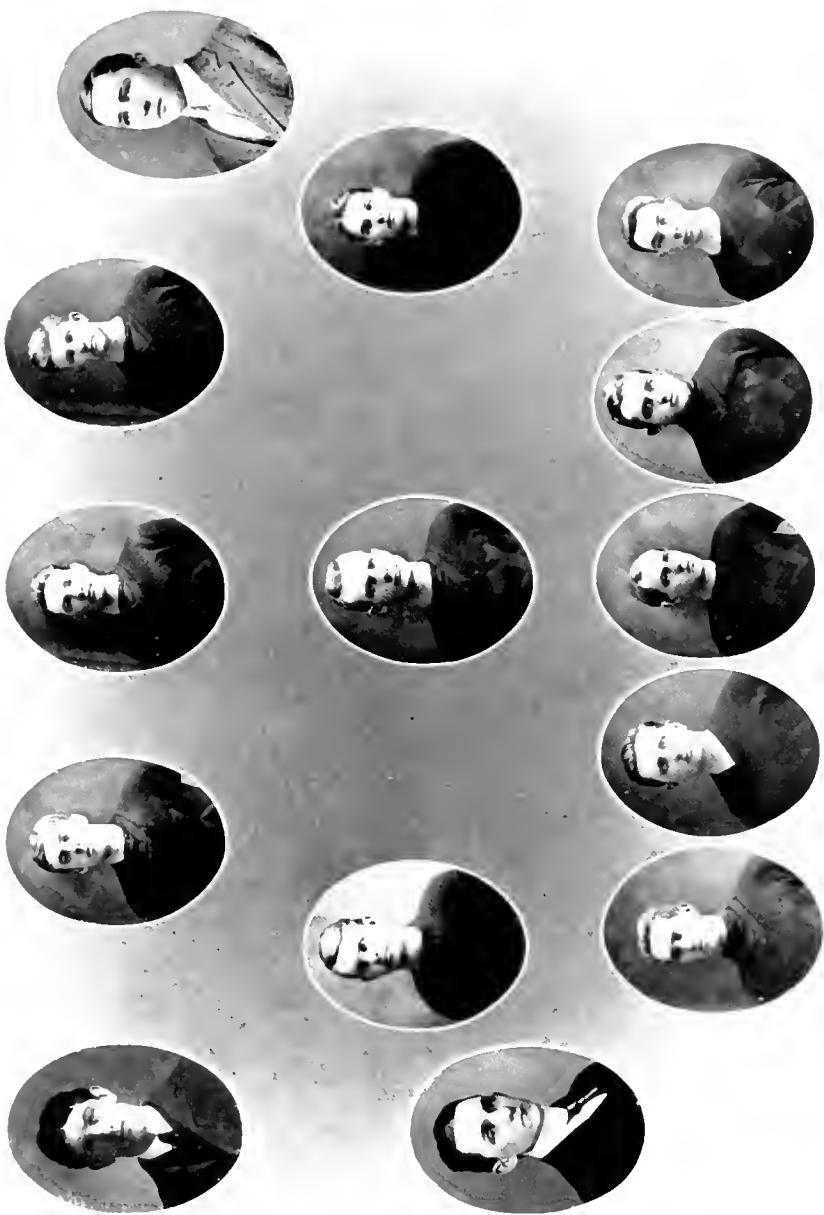
Oh, I was joyful. Myrtle, child, you ought to be a William and Mary man yourself. You don't know what you have missed when you didn't affiliate. We are the people. Just think what it means to enroll your name along with Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, John Blair and Driver; isn't it too much?

The critics talked this way: "Well, Hampden-Sidney outplayed them; they outweighed them; they had better team work and they ran ends better." Yes, Mr. Critic, but we had the grit, we held like a stone wall, we blocked 'em when they threatened mischief, and, by the Great Horn Spoon, we *licked* 'em, didn't we?

As ever, yours for William and Mary,

Fluffy.

JOHN WEYMOUTH.



O'Hearn Driver Schenk Parramore Hurt
 Jackson Parker Ransone Godwin
 Hensley Marrow Lee Graves Peatross
 FOOTBALL TEAM

Football Team

J. M. HURT, Jr.	MANAGER
R. B. JACKSON	ASSISTANT MANAGER
G. E. O'HEARN	COACH
BARNARD	QUARTERBACK
SCHENCK	FULLBACK
PARRAMORE	LEFT HALFBACK
DRIVER (Captain)	RIGHT HALFBACK
GOODWIN	LEFT END
PEATROSS	LEFT TACKLE
GRAVES	LEFT GUARD
LEE	CENTER
MARROW	RIGHT GUARD
HEALY	RIGHT TACKLE
PARKER	RIGHT END

SUBSTITUTES

BROWN	FULLBACK
FLETCHER	GUARD
RANSONE	HALFBACK



O'HARA SCIENCE GOODWIN GRAVES
 LANE ALFRIEND JOHNSON FRIEDT ELLES
 GARTH COLLINS HARRIS
 BASEBALL TEAM

Baseball Team

F. E. GRAVES
G. E. O'HEARN
H. F. JOHNSTON
W. N. DEIERHOI

MANAGER
COACH
CAPTAIN
ASSISTANT MANAGER

H. F. JOHNSTON
W. F. ELLIS
C. W. SCHENCK
E. D. GOODWIN
S. S. HARRIS
W. J. ALFRIEND
R. H. COLLINS
H. W. PRITCHETT
B. A. GARTH
L. W. LANE, III



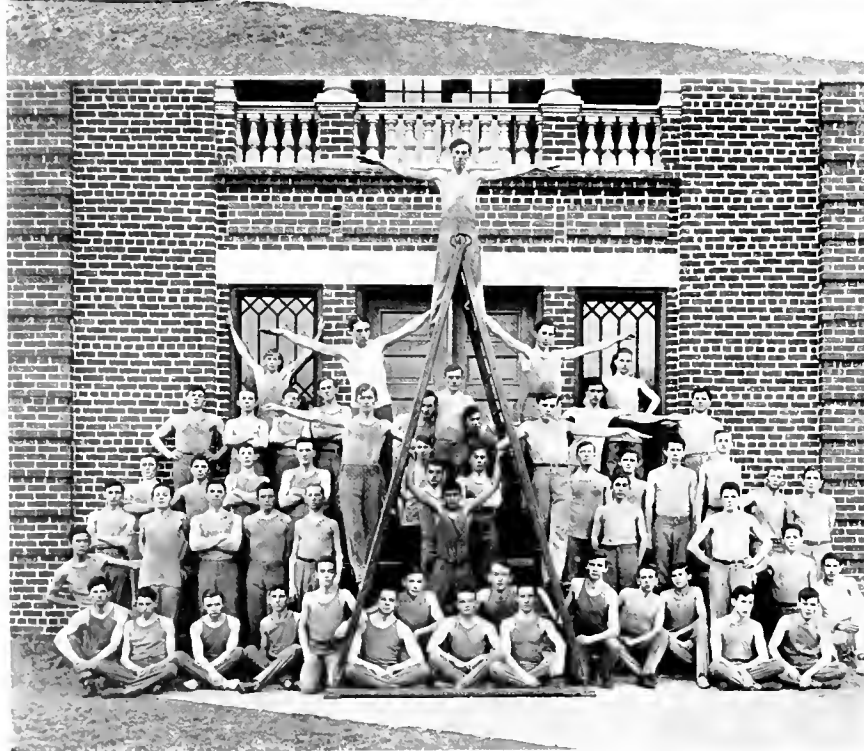
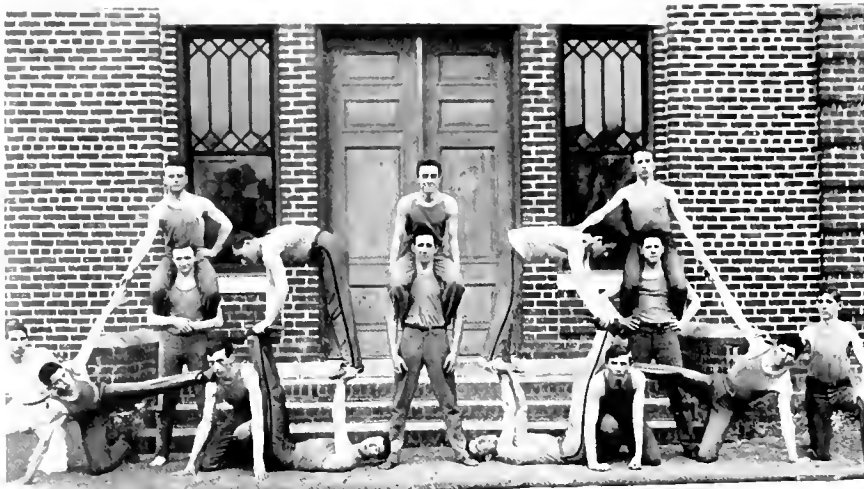
METCALF POWELL HALL
 DRIVER (Captain) GOODWIN GEDDY
 BASKET-BALL TEAM



GOODWIN DRIVER (Captain) SCHENCK
 DOLD, W. E. DOLD, D. M. (Manager)
 TRACK TEAM



"DRIVER"



GYM SCENES

Apt Quotations

- "There was a little man and he had a little soul,
And he said, "Little soul, let us try, try, try." "Tommy" Thaxton.
- "Above the flight of common souls,"—"Highspire" Hamilton.
- "All is not well, I doubt some foul play,"—"Diogenes" Fletcher.
- "Do not believe what I tell you any more than if it were some tale of the
tub,"—"Diddle" Dold.
- "It is the little rent within the suit,
That by and by will make the tongue be mute,
And ever widening silence all,"—"Teddy" Willcox.
- "His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep and shrill by fits,"—W. H. Neblett.
- "I have a soul that like an ample shield
Can take in all, and verge enough for more,"—E. LeB. Goodwin.
- "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh,"—Jno. Tyler.
- "He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play and old
men from the chimney corner,"—C. B. Starnell.
- "Woman, wakeful woman's never weary;
Above all when she waits to thump her deary,"—W. T. Brown.
- "Were't not for gold and women, there would be no damnation,"—
B. Mauly.
- "Still amorous and fond and billing,
Like Phillip and Mary on a shilling,"—G. B. Byrd.
- "Escape me?
Never—
Beloved,
While we are we, and you are you,
So long as the world contains us both;
We the loving, you the loth,
While the one eludes must the other pursue,"—Williamsburg Girls.
- "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away,"
T. F. West, Jr.

- "Aldeboronliptioscophono,
Where left you Chrononthologos?"—G. O. Ferguson, Jr.
- "Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Not any drop to drink."—Jack Davis.
- "Nowhere so busy a man as he there was,
And yet he seemed busier than he was."—"Parson" Roach.
- "If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in first numbers all your graces,
The age to come would say, 'This poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touched earthly faces.'"—T. S. Neale.
- "From every blush that kindles in thy cheek,
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring
To revel in the roses."—Joe Hall.
- "With devotion's visage
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself."—H. H. Fletcher.
- "Dreaming of to-morrow, which to-morrow
Will be as distant then as 'tis to-day."—E. LeB. Goodwin.
- "My way of life
Is fallen into the scar and yellow leaf."—L. A. Peatross.
- "He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."—K. A. Agee.
- "Blessings on him who invented sleep."—T. Y. Davis.
- "I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent: but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other."—W. L. Hopkins.
- "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head."—B. T. Newton.
- "An old man broken with the storms of state,"—W. A. Bloxton.
- "On with the dance! let joy be unconfined."—J. G. Porter.

"Rest here, distressed by poverty no more,
 Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before,
 Sleep, undisturbed, within the peaceful shrine,
 Till angels wake thee with a note like thine." "Bish" Lee.
 "How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
 A youth of labor with an age of ease." C. L. Ebell.
 "Doubt then the stars are fire,
 Doubt that the sun doth move,
 Doubt truth to be a liar,
 But never doubt I love." J. M. Davis.
 "I am as free as nature first made man,
 Ere the base laws of servitude first began,
 When wild in the woods the noble savage ran." R. Parker.
 "I have touched the highest point of my greatness."— R. Hyinson.
 "Alas! the love of woman! it is known
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing."— H. E. Trimble.
 "Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy."— S. Corbin.
 "Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark."— J. H. Rogers.
 "His very foot has music in't,
 As he comes up the stairs." Jno. Tyler.
 "You write with ease to show your breeding,
 But easy writing is cursed hard reading."— W. B. Lee, Jr.
 "Then he will talk— good gods, how he will talk!"— M. O. Townsend.
 "Like a dull actor now
 I have forgot my part, and am out
 Even to a full disgrace." "Cesar" Harrison.
 "Talk to him of Jacob's ladder and he will ask the number of steps,"
 "Bish" Lee.
 "God made him and rested."— C. B. Starnell.
 "He is troubled with great ambition."— K. A. Agee.

Semper Fidelis

Since Seventeen hundred and ninety seven,
Have I stood at ye Gate each Morn;
I've learned a Great Deale I'll never reveale,
Since ye Day ye Nation was Born.

From Seventeen hundred and seventy-foure,
I stodee on ye Capitol Greene,
But Knowing ye Joyes of being with ye Boyes
I moved where there's More to Be Seene.

I am ye Sentinel Gaunte and Grimme,
Ye Manne who is never asleepe,
Ye Watchman Bolde who Never Growes Colde,
As Nightely my Vigil I keepe.

Onne Eye on ye Bradferton I must Keepe,
And Onne on my Friende Mister Tyler;
So Thatte is ye way I passe ye Daye,
And why I am not Much of a Smiler.

For Numberless Yeares have I stood my Grounde,
With Never a Bite toe Eate,
And eache Colde Snappe, with my Faithful Wrappie,
I stande like a Manne and Greete.

When Nobody's out but ye Moone and I,
And ye Doctors are alle abed,
Some Some of a Gunne will Starte up ye Emme,
And never a Worde is saide.

I see More Sightes when ye Sun goes Down
Than anny Profess' in ye Schoole,
I've Sized up ye Boyes without anny Noise;
I Knowe a Wise One from a Foole.

Who stole ye Bell Clapper in '91,
Is a Question ye Faculty passed;
Yet not on ye Streete, but atte my Feete,
'Twas Foundle, and I've never been Asked.

Who Wired up ye Gate in '99,
They have Asked of them Alle but Me,
He snuffed out ye Lampe, but I saw ye Scampe
As plainly as plain Could Bee.

Ye Brighte and Beautiful Dayes of June
Bring Doubt and weakening of knees,
But when you're Sad come to me, my Ladde,
And I'll put you Wise to Degrees.

So when you're Tired and Weary of Things,
And want to Give up in Despair,
Just telle it to Me; and I'm Sure that you'll see
I'll Give you a Deale that is Square.

We've Lived; we've Loved, and we've Learned, my Boys,
My Fortunes have ever been Thine;
And Come ye Athirst, I Greete you the Firste,
God Bless you, ye Children of Mine!

JOHN WEYMOUTH.

NOTE: "In the beautiful square, fronting the College, stands the statue of Lord Botetourt, one of the Colonial Governors. It is much mutilated, though still presenting a specimen of elegant sculpture. He appears in the court dress of that day, with a short sword at his side. It was erected in 1774, at the expense of the colony, and removed in 1797 from the old capital to its present situation." Howe's History, page 326.



It is Heard on Good Authority

That R. C. Young is opposed to arguing questions which are out of his "*jurisprudence*."

That T. S. Neale has applied for professorship of Second Education.

That Richardson wants the same position in Ped IV.

That Professor Goodwin is collecting material for his thesis which has the title, "Bacteria Carried by Osenulation."

That Jackson caught Joe Hurt admiring himself in the mirror. It seems that Hurt was posing in most attractive attitudes, when his satisfaction completely overmastered him, and with face close to the mirror and eyes sparkling he exclaimed, "Ah, you fascinating little devil you, I could love you to death."

That the *Associated Press* will send a reporter to the Lucky Club to gather statistics of the baseball team from the after-dinner talks usually made by T. Y. Davis.

That the weather is fine up where Hamilton lives.

That Mr. Paul likes a trundle bed better than a boy(s)cot.

That Stanley B. Houghton visited College on February 8, 1940.

That Neblett will resume his position on the baseball field.

That Hopkins will be elected.

That Metcalf thought the service of Murphy's was hum.

That T. Y. Davis has gone into the poultry *raising* business.

That there was a sound of revelry in the Brafferton one night.

That Blackmore is doing some deep studying now, i. e., measuring wells.

That Doctor Wilson and Tommy Thaxton have entered suit against the city of Williamsburg for building the sidewalks too close to their coat tails.

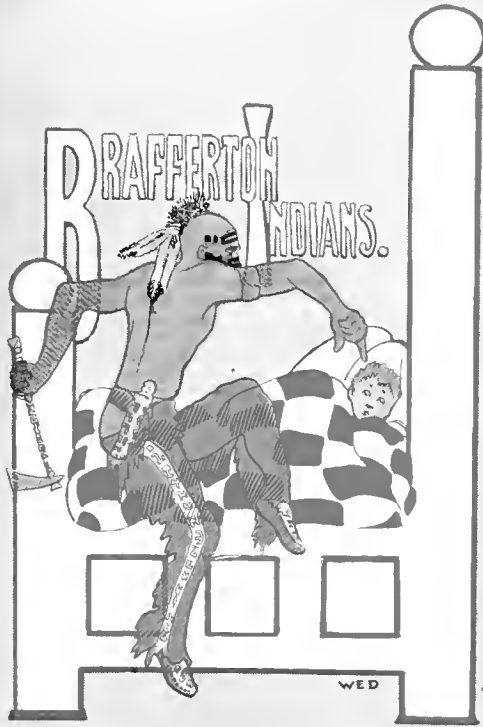
That Doctor Keeble has petitioned the faculty for the months of February and March in which to hold his Junior Physics examination.

That Fugate and Bloxton have instituted a search for the fountain of youth.

That Hart ran a hurdle race in company with the mysterious woman.

That Jno. Tyler delivered a lecture before the Civic Association on, "Tin Cans and Other Bottles."





From time immemorial, our tribe has dwelt in the wigwams of its ancestors; the braves have come and gone at will, yet sorrow has sometimes found its way to the wigwams, and seats are left vacant when we gather around the camp fire. Not always have our braves evaded the snares of the dark-eyed maids of other tribes; not always has our great Werowance revoked his sentence of banishment. Such is the past.

Now a time has come, when the tribe must uphold the glory of the past. Sycorax, Figaus, Bombastu, of war, "Warriors of the wigwams! 'palefaces' have come 'crass mountain steal our hunting ground. How torture 'palefaces?' No scalp, no burn, drown him." Shouts of approval come from every brave. The Great Werowance prepares a dam. A warning comes that the Ducaferians under Somero are approaching. At the signal the dam is cut. While the 'palefaces' are being submerged by the deluge, our braves gather and render our famous war whoop.

Hippity Nus! Hippity Nus!
What the h— is wrong with us?
Nothing at all, nothing at all
We're the braves of Brafferton Hall.

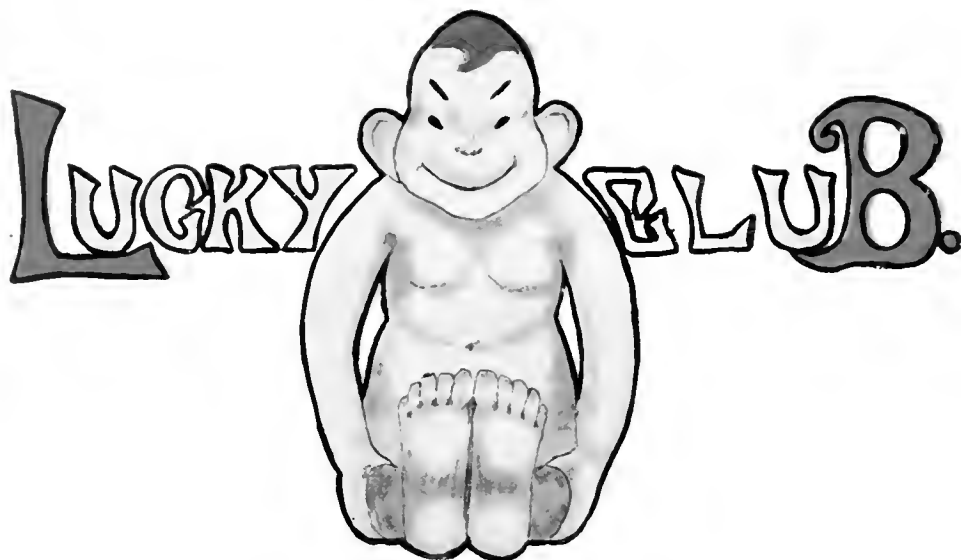
OFFICERS

Great Werowance	CAJO TOWNSEND
Werowance of the Bombastu	H. R. HAMILTON
Werowance of the Figaus	C. B. RANSOM
Werowance of the Sycorax	E. H. HALL
Quiyoughquiseok	C. T. BLACKMORE
Chronockoe of the Bombastu	R. PARKER
Chronockoe of the Figaus	H. H. FLETCHER
Chronockoe of the Sycorax	M. P. DILLARD
Oapiqueschiphotenbasse	A. J. STANLEY
Bumbeantobae	C. C. SNOW

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M. L. BORKEY
S. W. COX
W. H. DEIERHOI

R. A. PRILLMAN
C. C. RENNICK
R. E. SKINNER
J. L. TUCKER



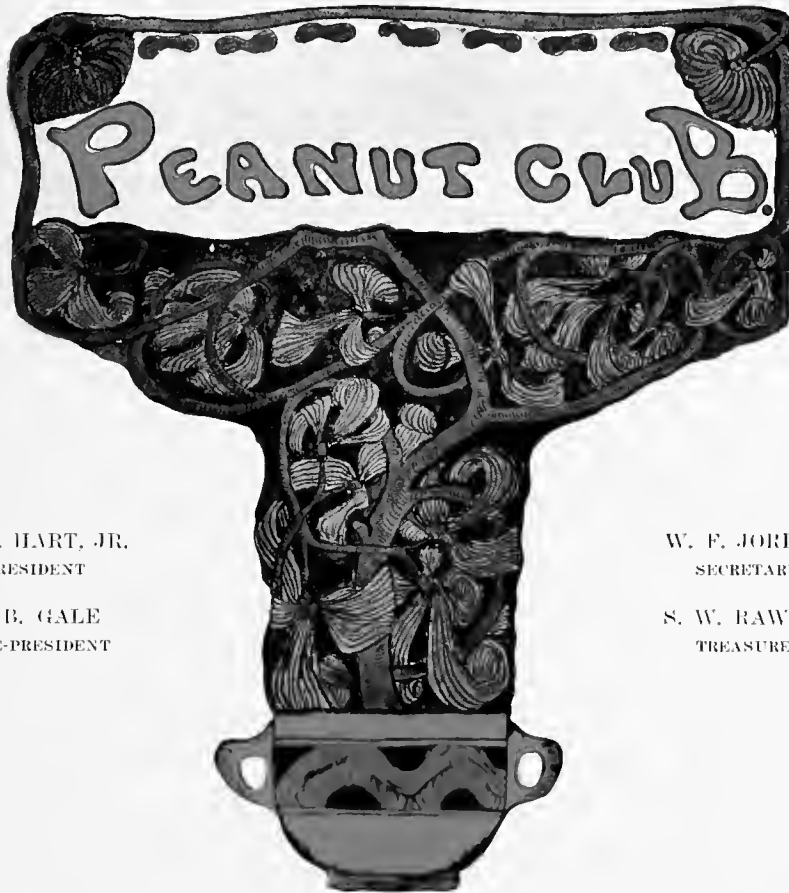
FAVORITE PASTIME: Calling for more
 FAVORITE DISH: Il à la Apple THE OFF HORSE: Croquet
 MOTTO: Il faut que nous mangions

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DEAL, R. C.	BEST CROQUET PLAYER
HARRISON, W. M.	COURT JESTER

MEMBERS

GUSHING BIRDIE BYRD	Cute, isn't he?
TAKE YOUR MONEY DAVIS	Habitat: Palm Café
RECORD CUTTER DEAL	The Original Norfolk Night Flyer
BABY GARTH	"Pazz the bread, please"
FAST EATER GRAVES	Chief Collector of Contingent Fees
WIT MASTER HARRISON	In him humor finds its greatest outlet (?)
JOKE MANAGER HURT	"It" like those fascinating little devils
RATHER BORESOME JACKSON	Count twenty, then laugh)—a sample
RIDICULOUS HYNSON	Recognized authority on: "The Study hall and its workings"
WORK HARD NIBBETT	This society life awful, "know"
STUDIES WELL RAWLIS	But what does he study?
EVER BABLER THOMAS	Late again



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J. B. GALE
VICE-PRESIDENT

W. F. JORDAN
SECRETARY

S. W. RAWLES
TREASURER

MOTTO: We're from the land of the Smithfield ham,
We're the fellow that don't give a —,
Peanuts too we'll give to you,
Raw, roasted, or in a stew.

COLORS: Pea-green and Nut-Brown

PASTIME: Cracking nuts

"THE" DISH: Peanut butter and Smithfield ham

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E. L. SNIPES

Era Vita Di

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MISS CELESTE M. BOYD

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ALAN FREDERICK ENGLISH
PENNSYLVANIA

A Bock of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness;
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow.

PAUL ADIE FORD
WEST VIRGINIA

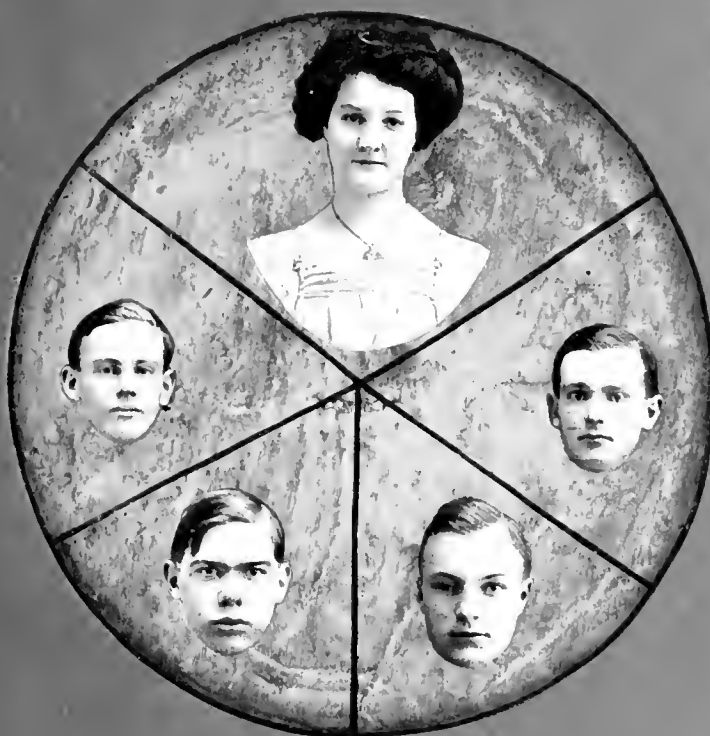
I'm not afraid of bullets,
Nor the shot from the mouth of cannon,
But of a thundering "No!"
Point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of,
Nor am I ashamed to confess it!

ARTHUR SYLVESTER HOWE
NEW HAMPSHIRE

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore.

EARL BALDWIN THOMAS
NEW YORK

The door's worn sill, betraying
Those feet, that creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.



ΕΠΒ

Messengers

O winds that blow adown the lea,
I prithe, come, bear a message for me,
And breathe a love I dare not tell,
A surging love, like ocean's swell,
Come, gentle wind, my messenger be.

There are no words that you must bear,
But the soul of a sigh, and the heart of a tear
With the wild desire of love's unrest,
And a longing desire, that shadows the rest,
Come, wind, and take this message there.

O star that shines from Heaven's height,
Come carry a dream in your silver'd light,
To show the love I can not speak,
To ask the love I dare not seek,
Most kindly star, do this to-night.

O perfumed violet, in thy heart
Lock up the prayer I now impart,
And then to her fair soul reveal
This prayer, that with a kiss I seal,
Sweet violet, use your modest art.

O wind, and shining star, and flower,
Go haste away to my Lady's bower,
Perchance in message and dream and prayer
She will find a love that she can share,
Think you, this lies within your power?

F. C. B.



Motto: Get all that's coming to you, and then some
 Colors: Blue and Gray Aim: To be a heart smasher.
 Favorite Pastime: Swapping lies Favorite Flower: Old Maids
 Favorite Song: It looks to me like a big night to-night
 Favorite Drink: Water?
 Favorite Food: Corn Dodger

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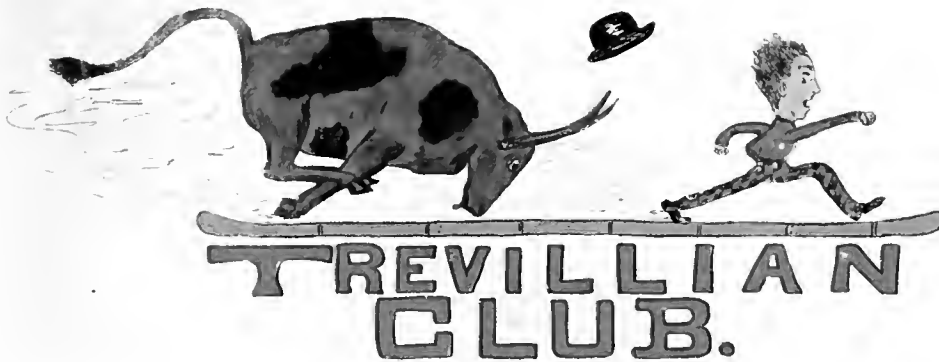
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MOTTO: Do others before they do you
 PASTIME: "One and two"
 FAVORITE DISH: The one that has the most in it

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The Northern Lights

Organized in 1909

"How far that little candle throws his beams!"

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The Instructive Lover
 Court House Green Lover
 Lover of Shepard's (Cream)
 The Jey Lover
 The Seminary Lover
 The Ultra-Maconian Lover
 Noble Lover of Love
 The Opposing Lover
 Peacock Hill Lover
 The Baby Lover
 The Lover of Hope
 The Dreaming Lover
 The Lover That Never Loved
 Would-Be Lover



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VICE PRESIDENT
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TREASURER
CHAPLAIN

MOTTO: Fortiter, Fideliter, Feliciter

COLORS: Maroon and Black

FAVORITE OCCUPATION: Loafing at "Vie's"

FAVORITE SAYING: "J. N. Greene, Neg. French—8 cols. A. M. C."

FAVORITE DRINK: Cream Soda

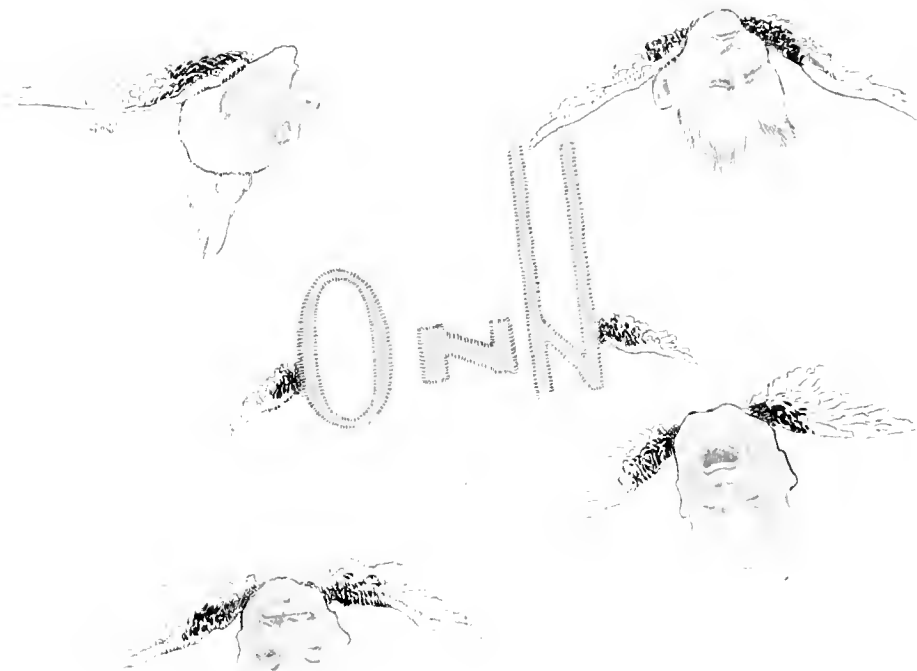
FAVORITE DISH: *"Treacle Sandwiches"*

SONG: "I never smoke, I never chew
That nasty, dirty weed,
It ruins the health and spoils the breath,
Says Wiloholy Reade."

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION:

To have hooked to Washington, been out on "five" without being caught; to have been "preserved," and to have been able to write off at least 10 demerits on Monday morning.

Wilcox Dold Finlayson Dold





Big Aim
Big Proverb
Big Pleasure
Big Achievement

Success
"Big Oaks from Little Acorns Grow"
Eating Samoset and Curling 'Em Up
Combining Studies and "Calico"

H. E. TOMPKINS
E. L. SNIPES
E. H. SPENCE
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Spottswood Club

Organized December, 1907

"Sic juvat transcendere montes"

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W. B. LEE, JR.
L. A. PEATROSS
E. L. B. GOODWIN
JOHN TYLER

R. B. JACKSON
R. C. YOUNG
C. C. BELL
D. M. DOLD
F. E. GRAVES
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DR. W. A. MONTGOMERY
DR. SOUTHWALL WILSON
PROF. JNO. W. RITCHIE



COLORS: Brown and Green

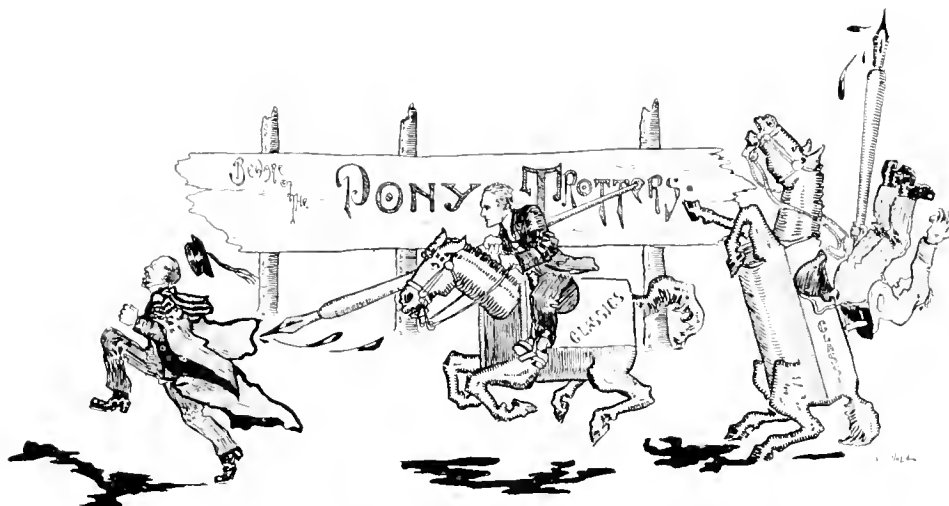
FAVORITE PASTIME: Sleeping late

MOTTO: Together we eat, divided we starve

POEM

We live to eat and eat to live,
 We eat the edibles you give—
 Pies, cakes and ice cream we devour,
 In one respect we're like a cow,
 And that is, we're always chewing,
 No matter what we are doing.

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C. B. STARNELL	Everything	A. R. KOONTZ	The Doctor



W. H. MANN, JR.	The Horse Dealer
W. H. NEBLETT	The Old Dray
E. R. WILLCOX	Le Cheval Vite
B. T. NEWTON	The Lanky Sorrel
H. W. VADEN	The Night Mare
W. E. ROACH	Roswood Trotter
L. A. PEATROSS	The Minister's Nag
E. H. HALL	The Old Plug
T. W. BENNETT	"The Trusty Filly
J. H. NEWSOME	"And (her name) was Man!"
C. H. LONG	Stable Boy
J. E. CAPPS	Sante Fé Mule
S. CORBIN	Shetland Pony
M. O. TOWNSEND	Bronco Buster
R. B. JACKSON	The Professional Jockey



Colors: Red-two-lips Motto: Keep 'em bluffed Flowers: American Beauties
 Favorite Drink: Manhattan and Grape-wine (mixed)
 Favorite Song: "I'm going to do what I please"
 Pastime: Tongue-ing oysters

Yell: Chug—chug—rum
 Chug—chug—reck
 That's—going—some
 Rappa—han—nock

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To an Old Dream

Little love with the chestnut hair,
And soft blue eyes, and heart of gold,
The vision holds of the blossoms fair,
And you, on a day of old.

And the light still falls by the apple tree,
Where the robin sings his heart away,
And the glory's there, and the mystery,
Oh, little love, to-day.

And I wonder why, when the blossoms blow,
It was given to me to behold you there,
'Neath the flowers of dream-trees hanging low,
With the dream-light on your hair.

And, though it be but a dream I keep
Fast locked and safe within memory's store,
It is well—for out of a dreaming sleep
Comes a light for evermore.



LAKE MORTDACA



J. M. HURT, JR.	It of Its
N. D. HEATON	it of its
J. M. DAVIS	Crabby It
J. D. BEALE	Professor's It
C. T. BLACKMORE	Scientific It
H. W. BRINKLEY	Green It
A. F. ENGLISH	Beit
J. R. HILSMAN	Sick It
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E. B. THOMAS	The Coming It
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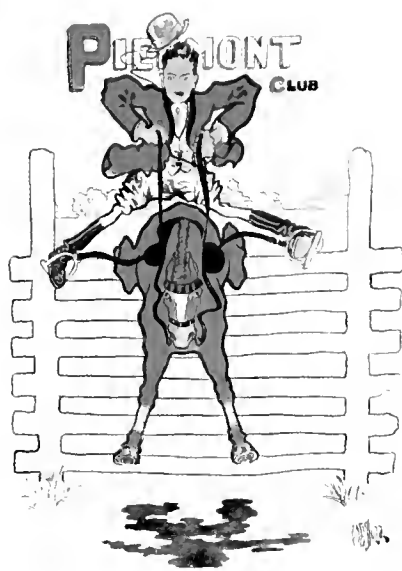
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K. of Y. F.



PASTIME: Hunting "deer"

DRINKS: Brandy and Soda

MOTTO: Never study to-day what you can put off until to-morrow

COLORS: Red (lips), Blue (eyes), Black (hair)

FLOWERS: Old Corn and Pure Rye

YELL: Busy bees, Honey bees,
Whole cheese, main squeeze
Rah! rah! rah! Piedmont!

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COLOR: Transparent White and Invisible Orange

FAVORITE DISH: Hen's teeth with Worcester sauce

MOTTO: Work while others sleep, sleep while others work

FAVORITE OCCUPATION: Studying?

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MOTTO: Dum vivimus, vivimus!

COLORS: Paris Green and London Purple

SONG: There's where the birds warble sweetly in the springtime,
There's where the pretty girls and sweet potatoes grow.

FAVORITE PASTIME: Please don't ask us.

YELL: Rachety-clack, rachety clack!
Rachety-clack once more!
Always forward, never back—
The boys from the Eastern Shore!

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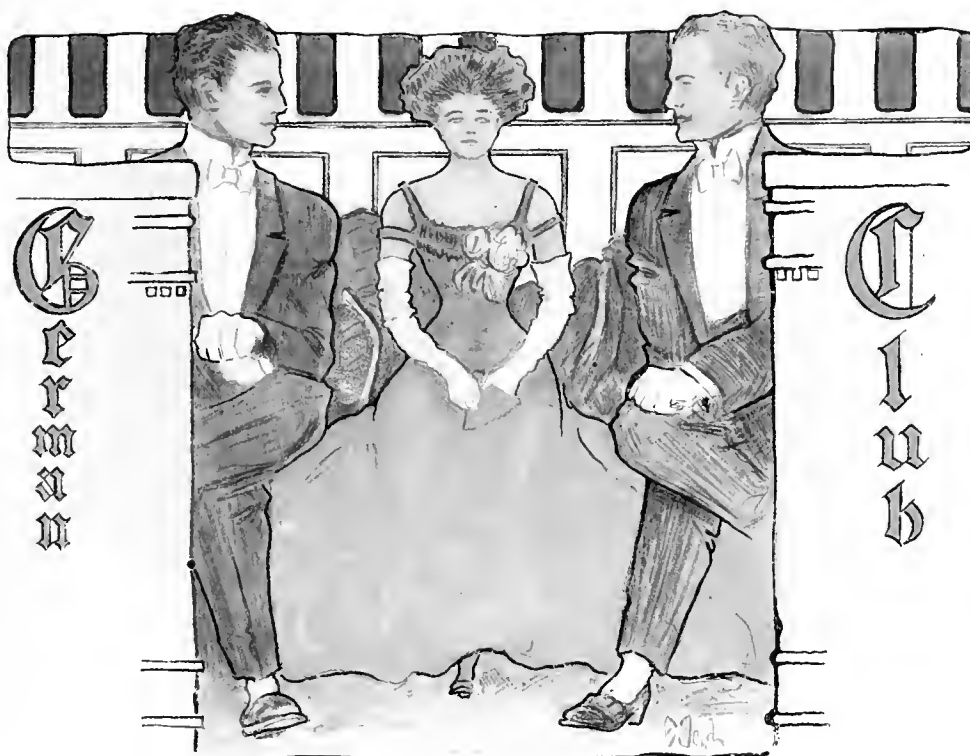
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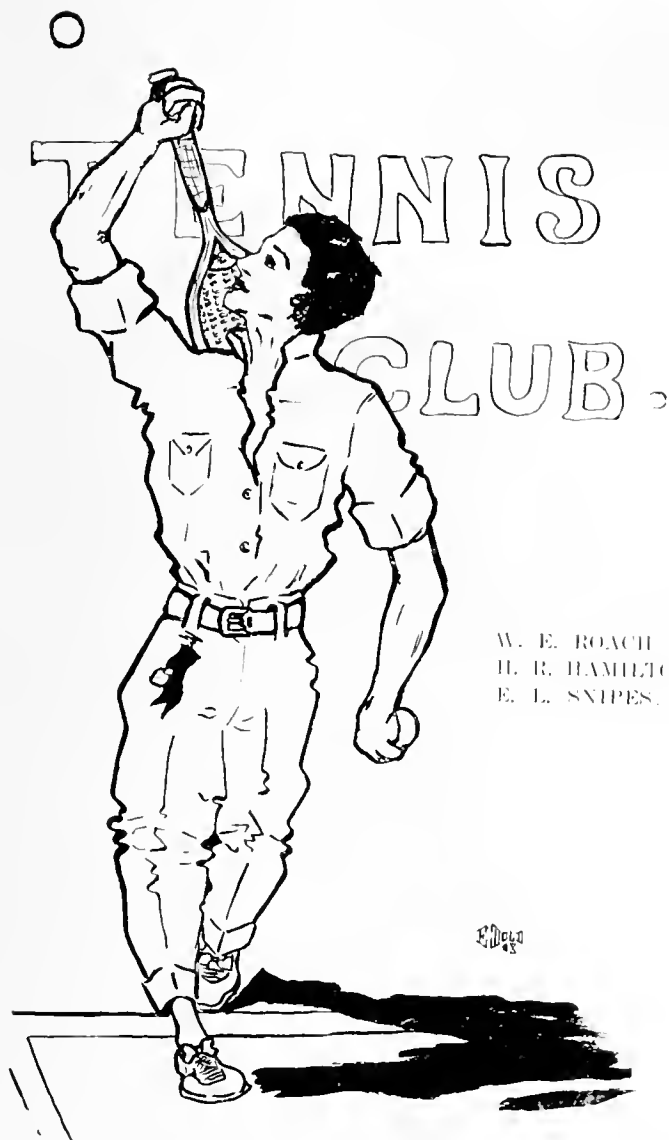
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To the Evening Breeze

Come, evening breeze, and bear for me
A message, and a reverie;
Waft, waft my thoughts as light away
As rose perfume at close of day.

Blow gently across the spreading plain,
While whispering soft a sweet refrain
Murmur amidst the blossoming boughs
And tell her I renew my vows.

Blow, evening breeze, for lovers oft
Inhale thy odors rich and soft:
For, by sweet influence thou dost prove
A note and messenger of love.

Blow on, oh, evening breeze, blow on,
For every age thou hast a song,
For every song there is a soul
When touched by it, made new and whole.

Come, come, oh, evening breeze, I pray
And cool my fevered brow this day,
When I released from Earth shall be
Free, free for all eternity.

H. P. Fox.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

"Through the reason-built fabric is ringing
The far-sounding call of the wild."

SAY, Rowell, that Diana of yours is a peach. Who was your model?" The young man who asked this question was seated with a group of other young men around a table in one of the fashionable clubs of a metropolitan city. A wealthy club member was giving a small supper, and had as his guests a number of young artists who had recently shown some work at the annual art exhibit. Rowell, who was thus addressed, turned to his questioner with a slight reddening of his face, "That was my wife." The others, having heard the remark, involuntarily paused in their conversation, and cast a glance at the young artist. He, however, did not seem to notice the pause, and on his questioner's reply, "Beg your pardon, old man, but—congratulations," the talk went on as before. But several times during the evening the host cast inquiring glances in the direction of the painter.

Rowell was one of those persons of artistic temperament who go to the cities and eke out a living by palette and brush. He had been in the metropolis for three years, and had a very comfortable cottage in the suburbs. His wife—he had been married a year—was a beautiful girl, fit model for "Diana," and her life with the young artist had been happy. They were both young, both had practically the same tastes and inclinations, and both were of that character, so often found among artists and among students, that takes up with any new social or moral doctrine that comes along—only to drop it as soon as the novelty wears off. This time the hobby was personal freedom. Rowell and his wife had attended several lectures on the subject, and had accumulated quite a library bearing on it. The ideas they had obtained from these sources would seem strange indeed to us, gentle reader; but you look up the subject, and hear it presented by a plausible advocate, and it may seem, even to us, that there is some reason in the thing. To the impressionable temperaments of the subjects of our sketch, the usually meaningless terms, liberty, equality, personal freedom, had come to mean a great deal.

Rowell's host on the night of the supper was a man well known in club life. Ludington was his name; he was a bachelor of thirty-five or forty, and he dealt extensively in the stock market. He had seen Rowell's painting, "Diana," and had met the painter on several occasions, for he was a man of considerable

culture, and was much interested, although he was not a painter himself, in the collecting of rare canvases. After the supper with Rowell at the club, Ludington became very friendly with him. He paid frequent visits to the studio, and on several occasions met Mrs. Rowell, who was often there with her husband. And as Ludington was as agreeable a fellow as could easily be found, so favorably did he impress the Rowells that before long he was a constant visitor at their home.

Among the various topics of conversation touched on at these visits of Ludington, the absorbing theme of personal freedom naturally occupied a prominent place; and although Ludington was ordinarily a very level-headed fellow, and had previously barely heard of any such doctrine, yet, when the theory had been explained to him by Mrs. Rowell, and after he had questioned her concerning several points of it, he seemed to be a ready convert to the arguments of the fair advocate. Rowell, meanwhile, seemed to lose interest in the theory, and, although he did not openly secede from his formerly declared position regarding it, still he had little to say on the subject; and whenever it was broached, as it usually was whenever Ludington was present, it was Ludington who discussed it with the painter's wife, while Rowell smoked silently by the fire.

One night there was to be a lecture on personal freedom. Ludington was at Rowell's, and the three had expected to go to the lecture together. At the last moment, however, Rowell said he felt too unwell to go out, but insisted that his staying at home should not keep the others from going. So Ludington and Mrs. Rowell attended the lecture together.

To most people, a lecture on socialism, personal freedom, or like doctrines, means a dimly lighted hall, a number of misguided factory operatives, and a greasy man in a worn-out black coat, who presides as chairman and orator, and who tries to stir his hearers to the highest pitch of excitement by violent invectives against all present social conditions, good and bad. The meeting that we have to deal with was something very different. The hall was a small one, but it was well furnished, and was in a good section of the city. It was built as a room for lectures to cultured people, and to-night the audience consisted of many of the most prominent people of the city. Many of Rowell's fellow-artists and friends were there. The speaker was Carl Renan, who was at that time the world's most noted advocate of the doctrine. Ludington and Mrs. Rowell arrived late, and could secure seats only in the rear of the hall. Immediately Renan began. Noted for his scholarly addresses and for his

eloquence, he never spoke more effectively. In a masterly manner, he traced the rise and growth of the human race. He probed the great institutions of society, and presented them in the light of their origin and purpose. He showed man as the product of the forces of the ages, and declared that the nature of man and the nature of life demanded the freedom of the individual in all the institutions of society. He claimed the right of man to freedom in his occupations, in his school, in his church, in his state, and finally, with the audience held as in a trance, Carl Renan made his famous argument for freedom in the home and the annulment of the marriage vow. When he finished, some of the audience applauded wildly and some were very grave. Mrs. Rowell turned toward Ludington, her eyes shining, her face flushed. He was leaning toward her with a strange gleam in his eyes. "Come," he said.

They reached their carriage, and started home. The street lights were shining brilliantly outside; within was dark. The man, without a word, reached over and grasped the hands of the woman. "Laurence," he said, "before to-night I only felt, now I know, that the laws of God are higher than the laws of man. If ever man loved, I love you— I love you; and by the eternal laws of God, I have the right to tell you so, and to claim you mine. Listen, listen to me: will you leave to-night the man to whom the human law unjustly binds you, and come with me?" The woman made no answer. He held her hands, her head rested on her breast, she trembled. The man spoke again, and his voice was hoarse, "Answer me, Laurence, for God's sake, answer me. I have loved you ever since I saw you as 'Diana' in the picture. Speak, and say that you will live the truth that you believe. Rowell has no claim upon you; you are mine by right of love." Her form swayed gently toward him, and he caught her in his arms. The carriage rolled on over the almost deserted streets; the woman wept softly; the man kissed her many times. Then the carriage stopped with a sudden jar.

A locomotive had struck a heavily loaded trolley car, and many persons had been killed or injured. A crowd had gathered, and the carriage had driven almost into the wreck before it stopped. Ludington looked out, saw the crowd, and was about to order the driver to go ahead, when a policeman stepped up and asked for the carriage for the purpose of carrying the injured to the hospitals. A refusal would have been useless, so Ludington told his companion they would have to alight. As Mrs. Rowell stepped to the ground, the wail of a child came from the wreck. Some men were dragging the form of a woman from under the car. She was unconscious, but with one stiffened arm she

clung with the grip of the dead to a child four years of age; and clinging to its dead mother, the child wailed its pitiful cry. Ludington had started to lead the artist's wife away, when the cry reached her. She took in the situation at a glance—a child was clinging to a dead mother, begging the mother to speak to him. There were tears in the eyes of some of the bystanders; and the world-old instinct of mother's love arose in the breast of Mrs. Rowell. Forgotten was Ludington—individual freedom had never existed. Releasing herself from the man who held her arm, and who was attempting to lead her away, she sprang to the weeping child and caught him to her. The crowd stood back. "Carry the woman to my carriage," she said, and then climbed in after the mother, holding tightly the child who wept. The carriage went to the hospital, where the mother was left. Then to the artist's home was the child carried by the woman who had left Ludington standing dazedly in the crowd around the scene of the disaster.

Late that night the child had been quieted at last, and had fallen asleep on the breast of the new mother, to dream of the one that was dead. Mrs. Rowell left it asleep, and softly entered the room where her husband sat alone by the fire. And her face glowed with a light that Rowell had never seen in it before. She put her arm around his neck. "O Billy," she said; and Billy kissed her, and she was very glad.





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"Dissertations on Boycotts."—W. E. Roach.

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When the old horse died we had the same,

When the old sheep died we had some "whirley"

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Next day old Frank deceased;

Me and my pal moved away,

We stood for the horse and the cow and the sheep,

But the good old Frank—

When you eat your "whirley" eat it raw."—Boarders at the Commons.



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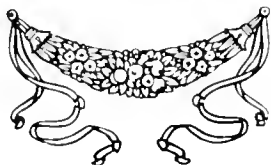
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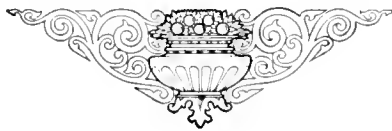
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